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Illustrated booklet on request



"THE RAVEN"

(In Six Acts)

A romance of Edgar Allan Poe

By George C. Hazelton

(Founded upon Mr. Hazelton's widely-known novel and play)

Produced by Essanay Company.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Edgar Allan Poe.....HENRY B. WALTHALL

Virginia Clemm.....WARDA

Helen Whitman.....HOWARD

The Lost Lenore.....

A Spirit.....

John Allan.....Ernest Maupain

Mrs. Allan.....Eleanor Thompson

Mrs. Clemm.....Marion Skinner

"Tony," Poe's chum.....Harry Dunkinson

George Graham, publisher.....Grant Foreman

David Poe, Jr.....Hugh E. Thompson

Mrs. (Hopkins) Poe.....Peggy Meredith

David Poe, Sr.....Frank Hamilton



"And the raven, never flitting, still
is sitting, still is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas, just
above my chamber door;

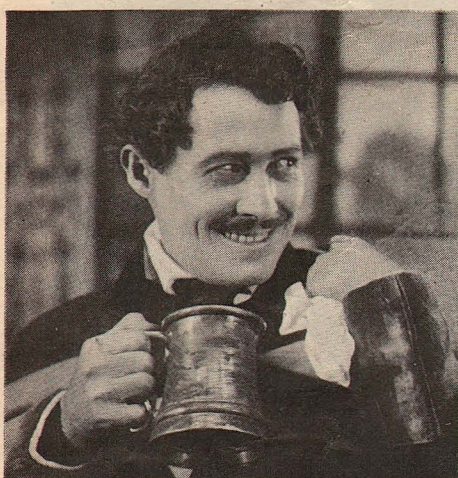
And his eyes have all the seeming
of a demon's that is dreaming

And the lamp-light o'er him stream-
ing throws his shadow on the floor,

And my soul from out that shadow
that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted nevermore!"

—From "The Raven" by Edgar Allan Poe.



The Walthall temperament—deeply artistic, meditative, sensitive—has found a most exceptional medium in "The Raven." As Edgar Allan Poe, Henry B. Walthall strikes a responsive chord, sounds a note of splendidly tragic sympathy that finds its echo in every mature human breast.

Mr. Walthall fits into this master role as no other film artist could possibly do. Tragedy to him is plastic. He molds it to suit his marvelous capabilities of intense dramatic interpretation.

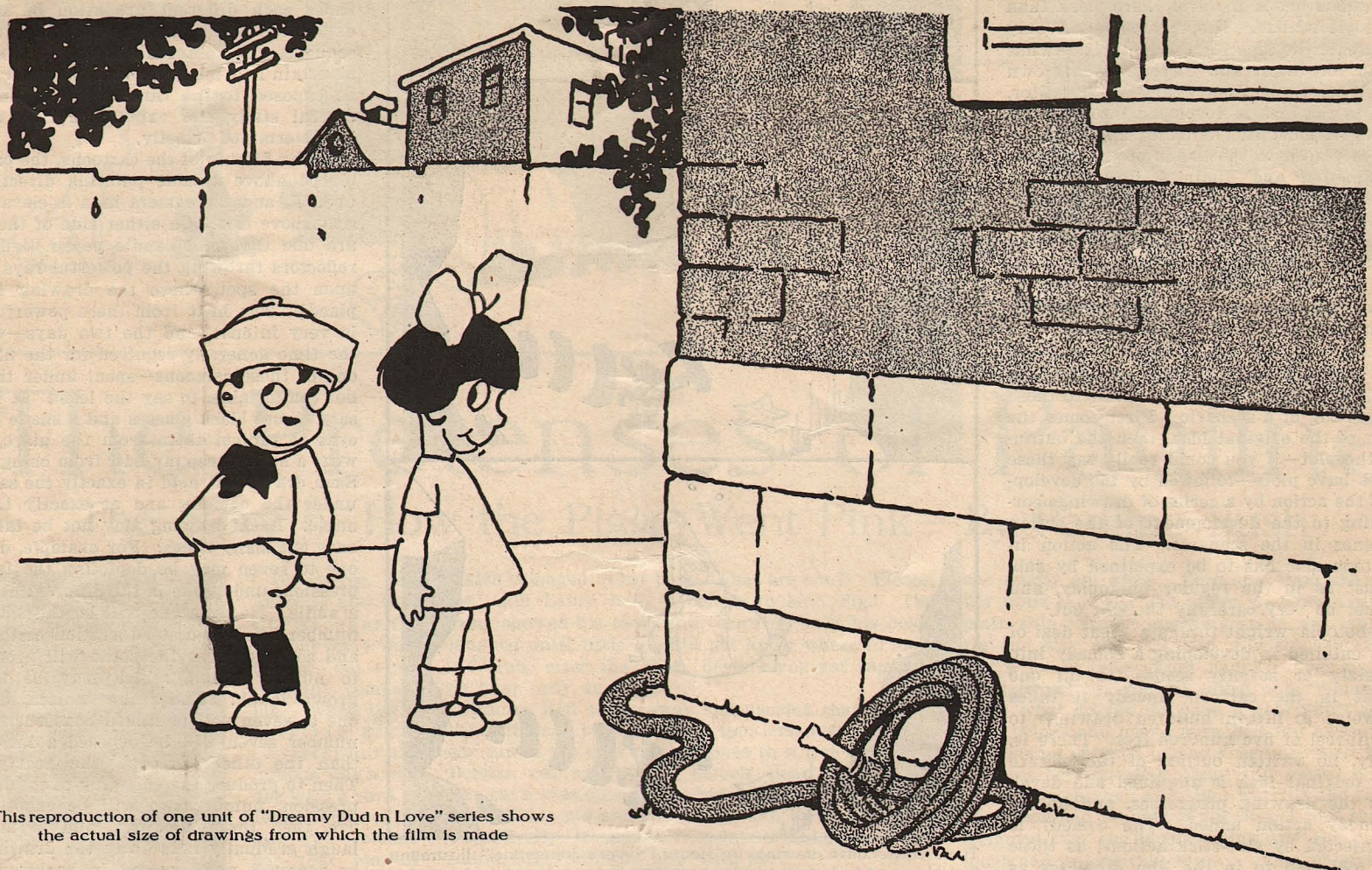
We can easily imagine the psychic influence that mastered Poe, not only in his "Raven," but in "Mesmerism," "Tales of Mystery, Imagination and Humor," "The Murders of the Rue Morgue," and "The Fall of the House of Usher," transferred to Mr. Walthall.

Dramatic Action is but a medium through which art conveys impulses—a vehicle of emotions—a generator of processes of thought in those who view a production that harmonizes with the thought processes of the artist. The more deeply etched this dramatic ability in the artist, the more subtle and patent its radiation from the screen.

Henry B. Walthall possesses this master knack, this "naturalness of art" that has insured through the medium of "The Raven" a genuine masterpiece.



MOVIE PICTORIAL



This reproduction of one unit of "Dreamy Dud in Love" series shows the actual size of drawings from which the film is made

THE ANIMATED CARTOON



Photo By DeHaven

THE cartoon film is rather an innovation in the line of the photoplay comedy but in the last two years it has been steadily increasing in popularity and many cartoonists are becoming interested in the adaptation of their ideas to the screen.

It is difficult to tell just who originated the animated cartoon, and there are many contestants for that honor. Commodore Blackton says he believes he drew the first motion picture cartoon twenty years ago, and gives a very interesting account of the way it happened. At the time he was cartoonist on the New York World and was sent down to see Thomas Edison and his first kinetoscope. As Edison was very deaf it was difficult to talk to him and during the interview Blackton quickly sketched some caricatures of one or

By WALLACE A. CARLSON

two of the prominent men of the day to interest him. Edison seemed very much impressed and inquired if he could draw large pictures as quickly as he did the small sketches. Blackton assured him he could and Edison suggested they go out on the rude platform, which served as a studio at that time, and try it out. The artist drew the cartoons as directed and Edison photographed them, and the outcome was the first cartoon film.

To Windsor McCay, however, probably belongs the honor of first perfecting this filming of cartoons. Mr. McCay was a cartoonist on the Hearst papers, and the originator of the Little Nemo series. His first film effort was produced in 1910, and was one of the series of Little Nemo pictures. There are now a number of artists who are turning their attention to the cartoon film; among them are J. R. Bray, who is well known for his Col. Heeza Liar series; Sidney Smith, originator of the famous Doc Yak pictures; and Henry Meyer, a topical cartoonist.

My own first efforts in portraying animated cartoons dates back to my school days when I used to ornament the corners of the leaves in my school books with different drawings, so arranged that by

rapidly fluttering the pages the figures would appear to dance. I found a very appreciative audience in the other pupils, if not in the teacher.

I started my real work as a cartoonist when fifteen years old. At that time I was with the Chicago Inter-Ocean, and during the spring of 1909 drew their sporting cartoons, continuing with this paper for four and a half years. When twenty years of age, I first became interested in the adaptation of the cartoon to the film, and drew a series of pictures of the World Baseball Series for the Historical Film Corporation. This film had to be completed in twenty-four hours as it was to be released immediately after the championship was ascertained, and required the incorporation of true incidents of the game and the victorious team. This was accomplished by drawing two endings, each showing a different team victorious, and just as soon as the game was completed a few of the spectacular happenings were interpolated here and there to make it appear to be a record of the scoring, and the film was made.

My work now is on the staff of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company, and we are producing one cartoon every two weeks. At present I am running the Dreamy Dud series, of which about fifteen have been released. The antics of Dreamy Dud and his faithful and ever present pup have proved very pop-

ular with both the grownups and the children. One theatre, which runs a program especially for the kiddies, uses these Dreamy Dud pictures extensively, as the manager claims they are a most popular film with the little folks. The latest release of this series is "Dreamy Dud's Christmas," and Dreamy Dud and the pup have a most joyful time inspecting the Christmas tree and the various presents left by Santa Claus.

My latest series is the "Animated Nooz Pictorial," which is a burlesque on the animated news items run by many of the film companies. They include sketches of the men of the hour, illustrating some of their latest movements; parodies on the joke-famous "divver;" and burlesques on the topics of the day.

One release in two weeks does not sound very arduous but it involves more work than most people realize. The cartoonist not only has to create the idea for the picture, but has to be author, artist and director of his own films. With the ordinary author or editor, as soon as the idea is developed into scenario form, his responsibility is ended and the manuscript is placed in the hands of the director for production and filming. But with the cartoonist the completion of the development of his idea in the drawings means that only half the work is completed, and now he must go into the studio and become the director, staying with his production every minute, instructing the camera man, and personally attending to every detail of the filming.

THE basic principles of the preparing of the cartoon comedy are very similar to those of the writing of a scenario. First comes the creation of the original idea, then the outlining of the plot—if you could really say these comedies have plots—followed by the development of the action by a series of drawings corresponding to the development of the action into scenes in the scenario. The action in the cartoon also has to be explained by subtitles just as in the regular photoplay, and they must be very carefully thought out.

The photoplaywright thinks a great deal of work is entailed in developing a comedy into about sixty or seventy scenes, to fill one reel, but in the cartoon comedy it takes from twelve to fifteen hundred drawings to fill a split-reel of five hundred feet. There is, generally, no written outline of the picture but the original idea is amplified and developed as the drawing progresses, and humor and comedy action added. The comedy is easily injected by slap-stick actions, as these are not objected to in the line drawings as they are in the photoplays, and they always bring a laugh. The chasing and falling down of characters is very popular in these pictures, and the hard fall or the blow that causes the victim to see stars always appeals to the risibilities. The audience will break into an uproar over a dog chasing a cat in these drawings, whereas they probably would not even smile at the same action in a photoplay. The movements of all the figures are necessarily rather jerky and automatic, and this in itself adds much to the humor of the action.

Every movement shown on the screen means a separate drawing, and sometimes in these drawings the difference is so slight that it is almost impossible for the uninitiated to detect it. In the first three illustrations of "Henry Flivver's Submarine" are shown three degrees of movement, and you will have to study them closely to detect just what difference exists in the three drawings, because it is so slight. The diver is depicted emerging from the submarine and looking through the periscope, but only by comparing his relative position as gauged by the periscope are you able to appreciate the difference in the poses.

In developing the idea in the cartoon film several backgrounds are drawn first and these are printed and many copies made of them, and then the animation is drawn in by hand, step by step in the different gradations of action, each shade of movement making a separate picture. The figures are repeated in these backgrounds and just a slight change shown in the facial expression, or a little different angle in the tail of Dreamy Dud's pup. It may take several different drawings to show

a man breaking into a smile, or to make the dog wag his tail. For example, in the illustrations of "Dreamy Dud in Love" it will be noted that the background of the fences and the ash

cans is exactly the same, the large cat is in exactly the same pose, but the pup's tail is at a slightly different angle, and the small cat has moved nearer to the end of the fence on her way out of the scene.

This shows how little difference there is in the movements of the different figures, and yet a separate drawing is required to carry out each degree of the action. The most difficult picture to draw is the one in which an object retires gradually into the background or comes up into the foreground, for here not only the different shades of action must be carefully shown but the figure must consistently diminish or increase at a constantly changing angle according to whether it is receding or coming forward.

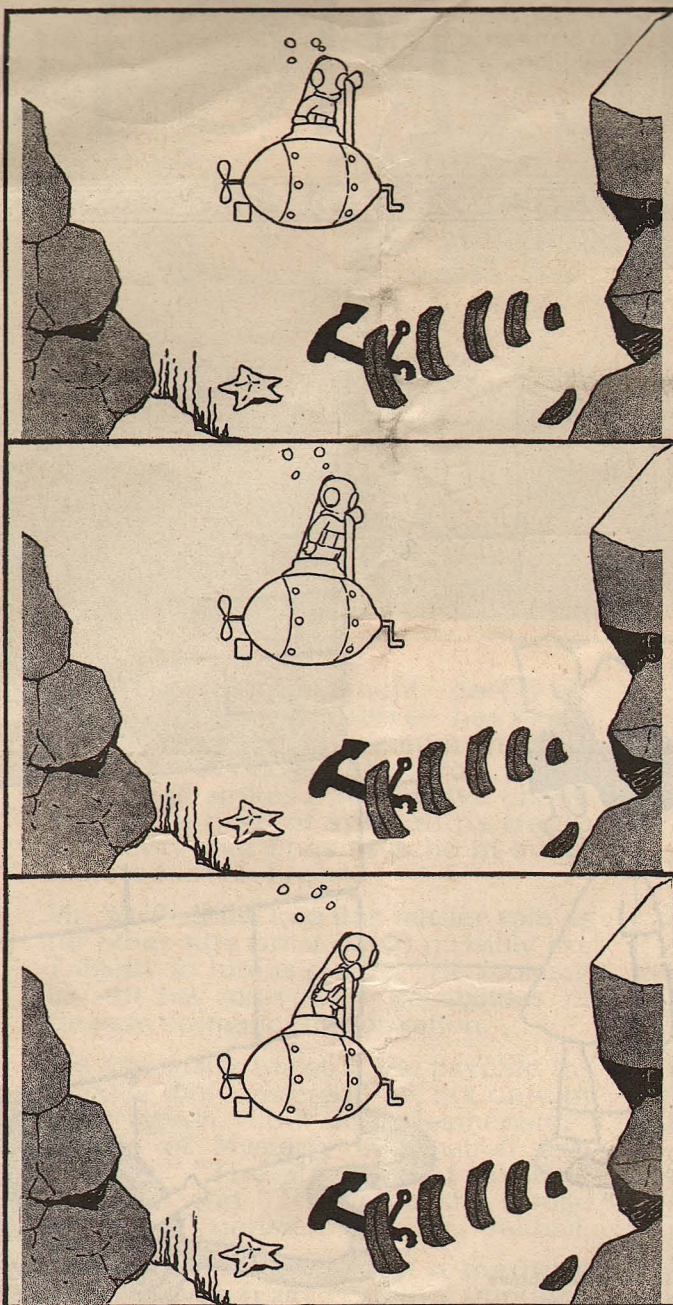
After the drawings are all completed, then the artist has to figure out just how many times each different gradation of action or expression will have to be used; in just what sequence the pictures are to be shown, and ascertain how many seconds each picture shall be exposed to the camera. It is only after careful study and experience that this can be determined exactly.

In the filming of the cartoons, the camera is placed above a table pointing directly down upon it, and the camera man is elevated on a seat above this. On either side of the camera are one thousand candle power lights, with reflectors throwing the powerful rays directly upon the spot where the drawing is to be placed. The heat from these powerful lights is very intense, and the two days—which is the time generally required for the filming of one of these cartoons—spent under them, are not comfortable, to say the least. It is necessary to use black glasses and a shade over my eyes to protect them from the glare, and to wear a hat to keep my hair from being burned. Each drawing is held in exactly the same spot under the camera, and at exactly the same angle. Each drawing may not be taken just once but many times. For example, drawings one to seven may be depicting the facial expressions undergone in the different degrees of a smile. Number one will be the sober face, number two the first suggestion of the smile, and so by degrees the smile will progress up to number seven, which may be the full-grown laugh. Under the camera, drawings one to seven will be filmed consecutively, and number seven will be exposed a longer time than the others, to show the hearty laugh. Then to produce the changing of the facial expression, number two will be exposed, then five, then three, next six, and to make the laugh gradually fade away the drawings will be reversed and exposed in backward order from seven to one. It takes a good deal of careful thought and practice to know just how long each gradation of expression should be exposed, and in just what order to expose the drawings.

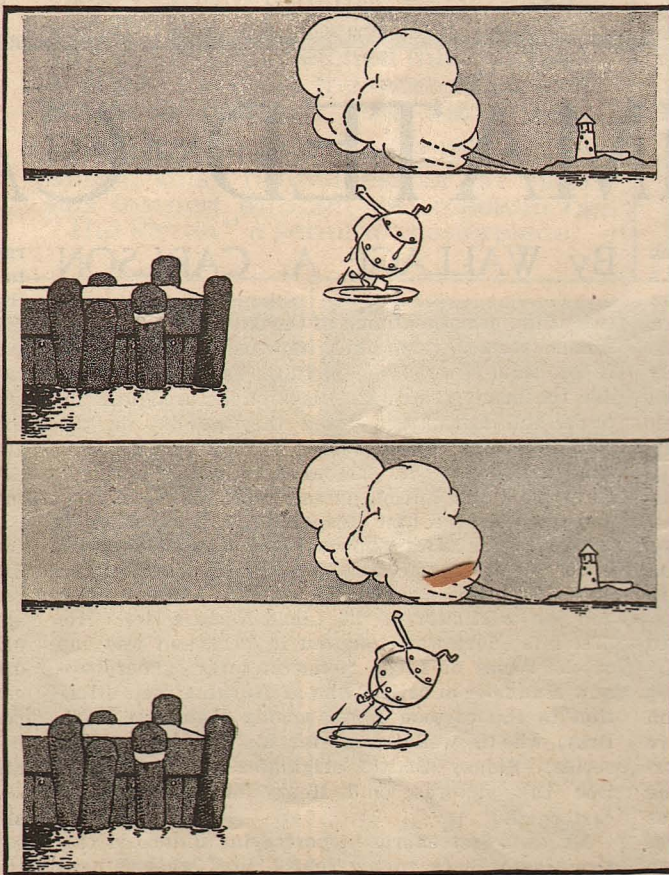
THE cartoons are photographed with a "stop camera" instead of the cinematograph, and so can be exposed just as long as desired. With this camera each revolution means one exposure and it takes sixteen revolutions to make a foot of film. An average exposure of two revolutions is given to each drawing showing the degrees of motion, and from four to sixteen exposures for the completed action, (as for example the man laughing, when it is desired that he hold the pose for a while).

Some of the effects which are so laughable and puzzling on the screen are combinations of trick drawing and trick photography. For instance, the hand of the artist holding the pen and making the sketches on the screen gives the impression he is drawing very accurately at lightning speed, but this work is really done very leisurely. The drawings are all made before the filming starts. The pictures are simply lightly outlined and not finished, however, and are inked in under the camera. The artist works as slowly as he desires, and the camera, being a stop camera, is revolved slowly, with the result that when projected on the screen at the regular rate of speed the sketching seems to be done with lightning rapidity.

In the pictures where the characters are represented as thinking and question marks and interrogation points—or hearts when they



Three consecutive drawings in "Henry Flivver's Submarine," illustrating the labor and technique involved to procure correct progressive action



Another part of "Henry Flivver's Submarine," showing two consecutive drawings

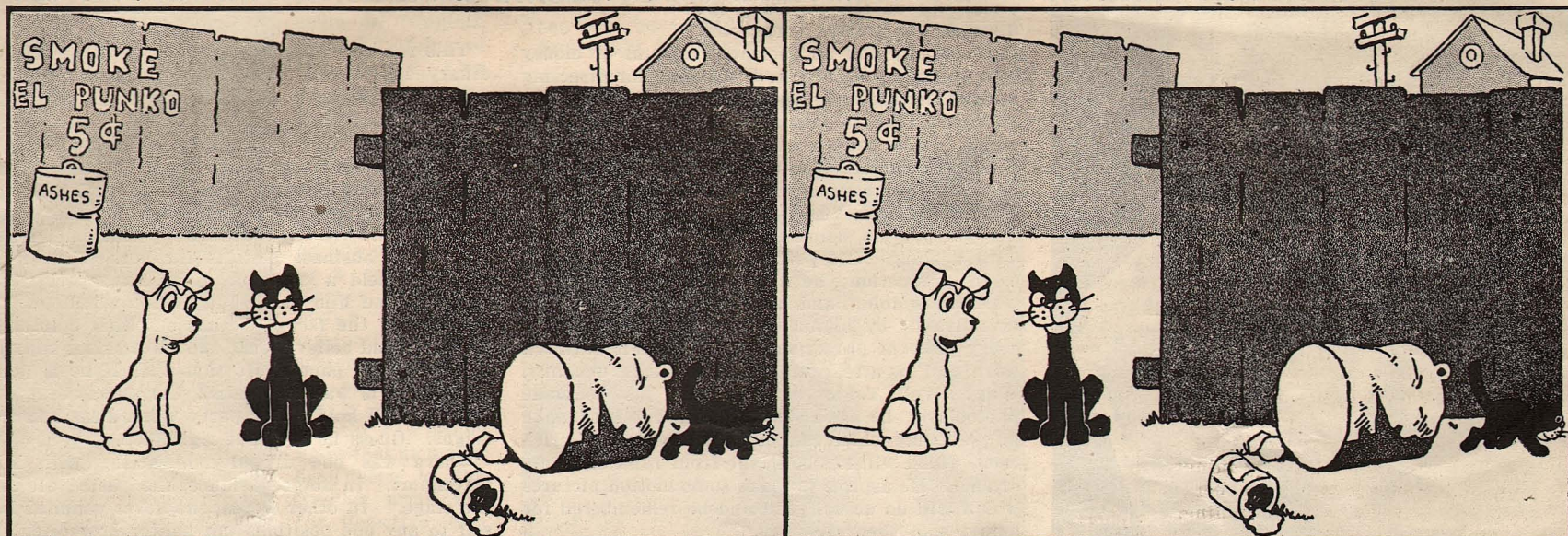
are making love—are seen darting from their brains, the question marks, etc., are worked in very lightly on the drawing with the exception of just a very small portion of the lines leading from the head. This much of the drawing is exposed, then the artist draws in heavily another section of the lines and another exposure is made of that portion, and so on until the completed lines

and punctuation marks are drawn. When projected on the screen, the desired effect of questions and interrogations shooting rapidly in and out of the puzzled brain of the characters is accomplished.

While a series like Dreamy Dud will please the public for a while, I believe the future of the animated cartoon is in the showing of current events by drawings which will instruct as well as amuse.

I have ambitions to so perfect the animated cartoon that it will drive home great issues with more telling force than has been possible through the medium of the printed cartoon. The movies are too great and durable to admit limitations. Why should not the screen become the world's most potent cartoon medium? I believe the screen offers ideal cartoon conditions and hope to prove it in practice.

From "Dreamy Dud in Love" series. Two drawings were necessary to produce the almost imperceptible difference in the posture of the pup and the progress of the small cat



The Pretenses of Pauline

The Story of How the Piggy Went Pink—By Pauline Bush



Of course, you know by now that Christopher Columbus was a very bestest pal—my constant companion—when I was a little girl. Christopher Columbus was a pug dog with a yard of tongue and a curly tail—you remember that too, of course.

One day Mother came to me as I was curled up on a settee and took my book from me. She said I read altogether too much for a child of my age, so I made up my mind to do the next best thing and to make up a story and tell it to Christopher Columbus who was the most attentive listener I ever knew, except

when he imitated his tail and curled up and went to sleep while I was telling my tale.

At this particular time I remember we raced to the little river and hid ourselves under the protecting branches of a willow and I told him the story of how Laura Bell (that was the little pig that Christopher used to try to bite when jealous of my playing with her), how Laura Bell, I say, went pink, for Laura Bell was the pinkest pig I ever saw.

"You must never bite Laura Bell again, Christopher; Laura Bell was born a pig and she can't help it and you must not be jealous because her tail is as curly as yours. She can't help that, either. Besides, she has a sorrow; she went pink in a night. When Laura Bell was a very small squealer, she thought she would see the world and she took a mean advantage of her Mother's being asleep and trotted off. She stopped at the big barn and nosed carefully round the corner, when she saw a great big head poked through a hole cut in the door—that is how it looked to her. 'Hello,' said the big head,

which belonged to my pony, 'what are you?' 'Please, sir,' said Laura Bell, 'I belong to Mrs. Pig.' The Pony showed his teeth and throwing back his head, laughed until little pig did not know where to look.

"Huh," cried the Pony, 'haven't you got any hair on your body at all?'

"Laura Bell slunk away and decided that the big head did not belong to any gentleman animal and she ran to the back of the house to where the white Persian cat was licking herself clean in the sun. The cat's eyes opened like big saucers as she looked at the little pig and she got up and started walking majestically toward the door. 'Please,' squeaked Laura Bell, 'will you play with me?'

"Play with you?" snorted the Persian Cat, 'Why, where is your fur?'

"As Laura Bell could not answer this question, the cat whisked her tail once in a dignified manner and disappeared in the house and poor Laura Bell went on disconsolately.

"In a field nearby she met the Goat who gave her one look and said sarcastically, 'And what is this? Why, animal, where is your coat? Did you leave it at home? You have nothing on at all.'

"But—started Laura Bell; 'But nothing,' said the Goat, 'I do all the butting round here,' and suiting the action to the words, she put down her head and helped Laura Bell to start going. After revolving seventeen times and seeing lots of stars,

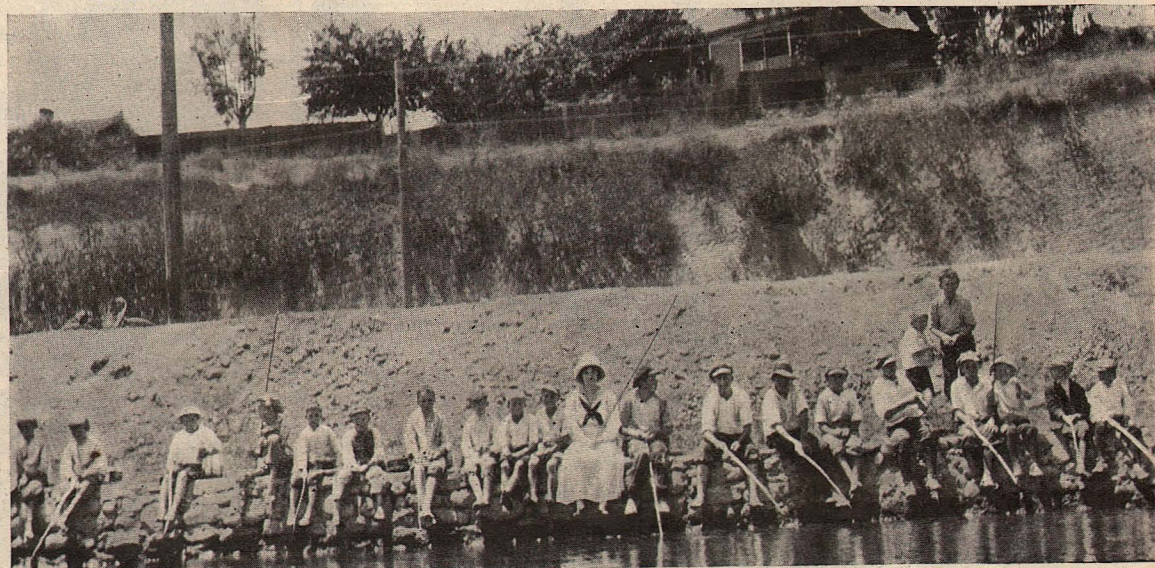
she finally got away. Sore and tired she made up her mind that she had better go home again where plain skin without anything on it was the fashion. On the way she met you, Christopher Columbus, and a lot of those other naughty dogs and as she tried to get by, you all called out, 'Where is your hair; what do you do when it gets cold?' and other rude things and poor Laura Bell fled away in terror and shame pursued by you dogs until Mrs. Pig came to meet her squealing piglet and routed all of you.

"All that night Laura Bell worried and fretted because she had no hair or fur on her and she was so ashamed that she blushed pink and she blushed so much and so long that it never came off again and in the morning her Mother and the seven piglets looked at her and cried: 'For goodness sake, what is the matter with you? You are quite pink. You must have the measles.' But Laura Bell knew better and try all she could she could never stop blushing at what all the other animals had said to her. So desperate was she that she even went so far as almost to make up her mind to take a bath, but no self-respecting pig ever took a bath and she could not bring herself to such an indignity.

"And that is why Laura Bell is pink," I told Christopher Columbus, "you are partially to blame."

Next month I shall tell you about the Pony and the Little Boy. It is my favorite story and true, too.

On both sides of me stretches my valiant guard—ready for the day's doings—sport, stories and laughter



WILLIAM D. TAYLOR

Master Producer of Masterpieces



As a director of motion pictures, he leaped right into favor, almost in the proverbial night

THERE are men in this world who plug along steadily and "get there." There are others who spring into prominence in a night. William D. Taylor, the masterly producer with the Pallas Company, is a mixture of both of these. He started far down in the scale as an actor, and gradually worked himself up in his profession. All the time he gained in dramatic insight, in technique; and all that he learned he retained and added to his own intelligence. He left the speaking stage highly respected, and with a record as a splendid actor and a capable manager.

As a director of motion pictures, he leaped right into favor, almost in the proverbial night. He had just completed a fine acting performance as Captain Alvarez in the photoplay of that name, produced by Rollin S. Sturgeon of the Vitagraph, when he was engaged by the Balboa Company to direct. His first picture attracted considerable attention, and from that day his fame as a producer increased, and his fellows were delighted when they learned that he had gone to the American Company to produce features.

The features were to be postponed, however; the

big "Diamond From The Sky" serial was on the way, and the director who started with it left

the company and an enormous amount of money was at stake; so, despite his dislike for directing serials, Mr. Taylor filled the breach and for months he turned out the instalments of the big story which is now being shown over the world. On its completion, he accepted the Pallas offer to produce pictures for the Paramount programme.

Here is a man who holds a whole photoplay in his grasp; he dominates everything connected with a story. His personality runs through the entire production; he thinks of nothing else save what he is doing, and he works at it by day and visualizes it by night. He oversees every scene, every piece of property used, every suit or frock worn, and his attention to detail is almost uncanny. Why? Well, Taylor has no desire just to make photoplays; he has an ambition, and it is to make no photoplay which cannot stand the light of criticism, which will not be in the front rank of photodramas. He aspires to make some motion pictures which will do actual good and be remembered for many, many years.

I suppose that his chief characteristic may be placed as seriousness, for Taylor is deadly serious. This does not mean that he is without the saving grace of humor, for he is Irish and enjoys a joke with the best of them, but he carries his work into his private life quite a little, and it is only on occasions that he gets entirely away from it. The earnestness within him has its influence on the people working with him, and they either like him very much or are glad to get away from him. Artists who are wrapped up in their work welcome his direction, but those who go through their days waiting for the whistle to blow are the ones who would rather be with some easier-going producer. He is as glad to see the back of them as they are to escape his vigilance. There are no half measures about William D. Taylor. He is thoroughness personified.

I like to talk to Taylor best when he is in Los Angeles and we have had a steak at the Athletic Club, and then comes the quiet chat afterwards, when it is possible to coax him into conversation, for when he is reminiscent he is a most interesting man to listen to. He has done so much; gone through such a lot.

He was greatly attached to that fine actress, Fanny Davenport, and was with her for three years in all. He says that he would probably have been with her now if she had lived; he only left the company when she died. He holds her up as an example of how kind a star can be to the members of her company, and how one can be generally loved by reason of good acts performed. Taylor started with

By RICHARD WILLIS

her as juvenile lead and in a few weeks was understudying the other principals.

This reminds me that he is one of those extraordinary individuals who "absorb" lines; in other words, can learn a big part overnight or during one day, and then give a flawless rendition the same evening.

In a comparatively short time, he was playing opposite Fanny Davenport in "Fedora," "La Tosca," "Joan of Arc" and other plays in which she was so well known. He used to make periodical trips to Europe on business matters for her. With it all he never held a contract. Miss Davenport would often remind him of it, but Taylor would put the matter off; the fact is he has but little opinion of contracts and believes that one's word rises superior to any signed paper. He says that if he is going to stick or is wanted to stick, the rest is easy; no contract will hold either party when dissatisfaction reigns. Guess he is about right, too.

There was one difficulty in acting with Miss Davenport. In stage parlance, she "acted all over the stage." In other words, she never confined herself to any one position; no matter how often the rehearsal, she preferred to go where she wanted to, and the result was that if the actor she was playing with did not follow her closely, he would be apt to turn around and address "atmosphere" and then discover the lady somewhere in the background.

This was very disconcerting to Taylor, until he became accustomed to it, and then he fell into the way of watching her movements even when he did not give the impression to the audience that he was doing so.

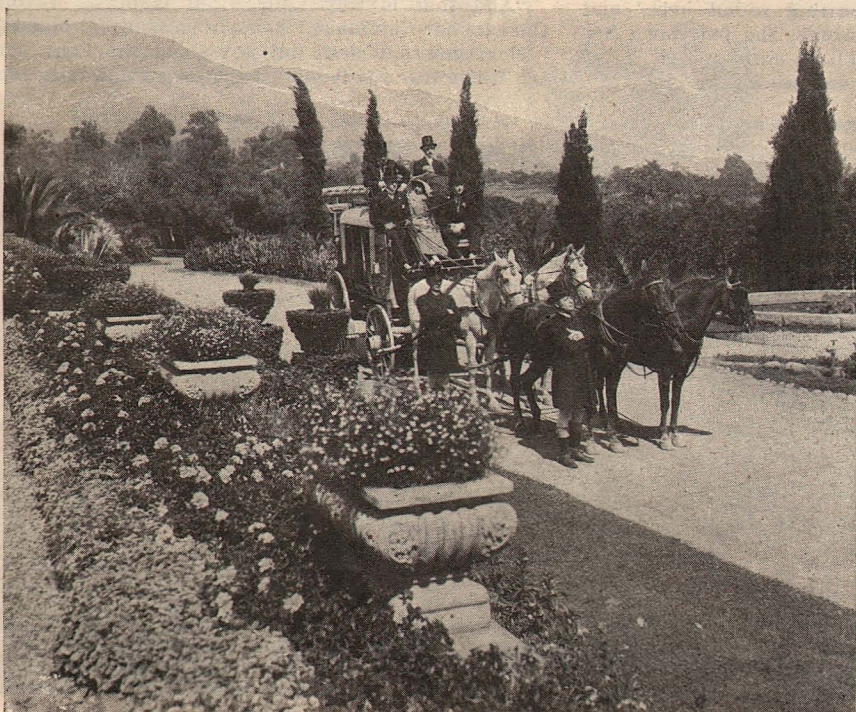
Taylor made his first big appearance on the stage with Charles Hawtrey, when he returned to England after having been a ranchman in the middle-west. He talks of the life on the plains often and it is evident that he had the time of his life riding, roping and the like.

"The Private Secretary" was the vehicle for his debut, and he was nineteen and had visions of a big professional career ahead of him. He has acted nearly ever since. I say "nearly," because he had one or two lapses in which he lost all he had saved at mining—he did this twice; the first time he believed he had made a mistake and the second time he was sure of it, and still is. Talk mining to Billy Taylor and he will hit you on the nose. Ah, wise, wise Billy Taylor!

Of course, he played in all sorts of stock companies; these good actors always have, and equally of course he has supported several stars of the feminine persuasion outside of Fanny Davenport. He played with Katherine Kidder, among others, in "Sans Gene" in New York and on the road.

It was after a trip to Honolulu with Harry Corson

A beautiful scene and a big scene from "The Diamond From The Sky." Taylor combines artisticness with dramatic instinct—he handles "Mobs" in a masterly manner





Known the world over for his Captain Alvarez

Clarke that he went in for the picture game. He first joined the New York Motion Picture Corporation and then went to the Western Vitagraph, where he shone so conspicuously in "Captain Alvarez," followed the Balboa, the American and the Pallas companies, and that is all!

Taylor differs from many of his countrymen — the Paddies — in that he is a poor excuse as a purveyor of blarney. He is almost shockingly straightforward of speech and action—yea, and of thought. He is clean as a whistle. Few people know that he would have been in the English army but for defective eyesight. This was after he had left Clifton College in England, where he shone in studies as well as in rowing and leaping hurdles.

The spirit of adventure was forever in him, and he could not settle down. The wanderlust took him to many countries and made him earn a living at many strange avocations, trades and jobs, but he never did anything which altered the man himself; he is as big a gentleman, using the word in the right sense, as he ever was. He will never alter—thank goodness!

Perhaps nothing will indicate Mr. Taylor's sentiments and temperament better than the following verse, recently from his pen and not previously published. It is entitled:

THE KNOWLEDGE

Man, do you KNOW, have you FELT and SEEN;
In the wastes of the earth have your footsteps been;
Have you tasted the salt, the deserts trod;
Forsaken all else, forgotten your God
At the beck and call of a woman's nod;
Have you walked the paths that are mean?

Have you eaten the sweets and spat the gall;
Has your heart beat high at the wanderlust call;
Had rope in hand or gun in fist;
Been cursed and loved and beaten and missed;
And slept where the wind your brow has kissed;
Have you fought with your back to the wall?
E'en so, and from fate you never ran,
Tho' held 'neath narrow society's ban;
Ne'er taken an innocent girl in tow;
Nor lied nor struck a fallen foe?
Then you have FELT and SEEN and KNOW;
And you'll die as you've lived—a MAN.

It is but fitting to say of Mr. Taylor, that he is the type of man so essential to the films. The silent drama has called into its fold many geniuses—many



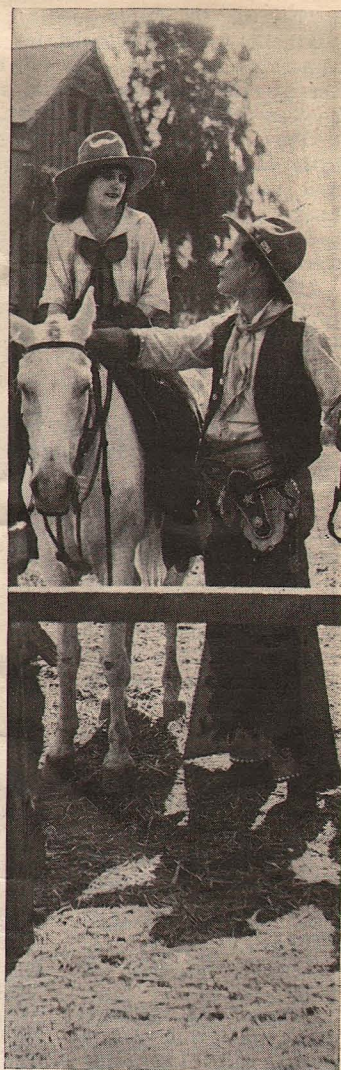
His vivid portrayal of varied character parts

who have taken progress by the bridge and led it where it refused to go voluntarily. And Billy Taylor has been one of these. He has blazed trails, but he has never undertaken the "something new" until he mastered the old. This thoroughness has made him a producer of broad reputation—although, I wonder, oftentimes, if the "fans" appreciate what a producer means to a film company, and to the film-story itself. It is inside work—hidden from view—disclosing itself through results. But it is tremendously important work, for the producer is the master who molds the play and the players.

William D. Taylor has big work ahead of him, and he delights in it. He has trained the dynamo of his intellect on the highest class productions, and that is a guarantee worth while. He sees the big days coming, the possibilities just unfolding, and he

proposes to be in on the unfoldment in no small measure. The results will be found in Pallas films, which will bear the hallmark of Taylor producing aristocracy. And when we know that back of it all he is a man—a man any one should be proud to know—we feel that his work takes on just a little more importance than though it were but the day's toil.

Wm. D. Taylor is an eminent example of the fact that the films need and must have the best producing talent. The mere romance of it all has passed; henceforth it is to be regarded as the most serious business in the world—the most far-reaching form of entertainment. Producing is no place for the novice or the perfunctory person. It is impossible to devote too much study and thought to it, because millions of persons will view the one production. And far beyond the art of the players there must of necessity be that guiding influence of the producer, who admits no trivialities—who sees vast importance in even the smallest detail. This is the type of producer we have considered—the later type of producer, who builds not alone for the demands of the moment, but for the future of the films.



And as the rough and ready plainsman

With this producing genius placing his force back of Pallas films, it is patent that other producers will keep their eyes on the Pallas brand, knowing as they do Mr. Taylor's sincerity and ability. Wherever he has gone or may go, there also is found that attention to precision that makes a film acceptable—without revealing the why or wherefore.

Two Exciting Experiences

By LEAH BAIRD



Photo By Lloyd, N. Y.

I CONFESS that my career has been somewhat uneventful. Perhaps my measure of narrow escapes has been more limited than that of film-players who have taken part in thrillers. The ordinary society drama has few of the melodramatic throbs and thrills. It is a life that resolves itself into steady, hard work, with plenty of vigilance for details and great faithfulness in portrayals. And yet I venture that even the society drama occasionally presents its excitement.

I lay claim to two thrilling experiences since I entered the films. The first of these came when I

was enacting a role in an Italian drama. My hair hung loosely down my back. Every woman takes just and natural pride in her crowning glory, and to an actress it is very important. In this play I was kneeling before the Madonna, praying, and I had entered into the part with such intense enthusiasm that I paid small heed to the lighted candles. Suddenly, I was startled in my devotional work by a strange sizzling and crackling and an unpleasant warmth around my head. I knew that something terrible was occurring. Before I had deciphered its meaning, the director was at my side, slapping my head furiously. Half my hair had been burnt off, and, but for the director's timely arrival, I would have been as bald as an egg. My scalp was terribly scorched and for days after I suffered untold agony. And yet the picture had to go on. The film could not wait for a new growth of hair, and I completed my role wearing a wig.

This should have been excitement enough because I was months in recovering my lost tresses. As I have told you before, thrills can come even in the duller society plays.

Now, I have always been fond of animals, but, as between a dog and an elephant, I prefer the dog.

You likely saw me in "Faithful Until Death," in which a gigantic pachyderm assisted me out of a very difficult situation. In this scene I leaned far out of the top window of a house, permitting the elephant to wind its trunk around me and place me on the ground. But elephants are not always trustworthy, and this one in particular turned traitor. Instead of placing me on the ground gently, he held me high in the air and swung me around and around until I was dizzy and faint. Of course, even though his keeper controlled him, the scene had to be taken over. You can imagine how I felt when the second time the unwieldy Jumbo reached up and wrapped his trunk around me and blinked at me with his pig-like eyes. I am quite sure that he intended to repeat the experience. It was not any love for me that made him obey—it was simply fear of his keeper. I confess that I was in a state bordering on collapse when the scene was completed. I viewed it on the screen since then, but I always see what the public was not permitted to see.

I ask if you wonder that I am perfectly satisfied to accept and enact roles in society dramas! Their hazards, at worst, are psychological, and psychology is far more entertaining than an elephant capable of stopping a ten-ton truck. And yet, in a film actress' life, there is not always choice. If thrills are demanded, that demand is final.

LOVE VS LITERATURE

A Two Part Story—Part II By Mary Ridpath-Mann Illustrations by Mildred Lyon

"Y—yes. Oh, Larry—"

Ainslie wasn't prepared for that. Consequently something happened. She felt his arms close about her so closely that she could scarcely breathe and he was covering her face with kisses.

"Pardon the interruption," he said with a husky little laugh. "I told you the night I saw you first that people who really *liked* me called me Larry. That's the first time, you know. It rather bowled me over. You can go ahead now. You were saying—?"

"There—there was another man—once, Larry."

"How dreadful!" he mocked. "Where is he now?"

"I—don't—know."

He threw back his head and roared.

"Then what has he got to do with it?" he demanded.

"But, Larry,—I thought I loved him awfully,—could never love anybody again. And he used to—to—kiss me—"

"Lucky dog!"

She sat bolt upright and stared at him.

"Why, Larry,—don't you care?"

"No." There was a sternness in his voice which made her regard him curiously. "See here, Gracia. I don't care a hang about anything that's a *has been*. If it has already happened it's a dead one. It's what's going to happen that I'm interested in. When will you marry me?"

"When the book is done."

"Done?" he stormed.

"Do you think for a minute that I'm going to wait for that? Well, I won't do it. Why,—my hair will be white and I won't have any teeth."

"No. It won't be long now,—just two or three weeks. Oh, Larry, won't you wait?"

"I will not. If you're determined to finish that abominable book you're going to do it right under my own disapproving eye. Listen, dear," and his voice fell almost to a whisper, "I know where there's the dearest little cottage up in the Berkshire Hills. And there's a little summer house in the garden which I can guarantee as inspirational. I have occasionally pulled off a stunt or two there myself when I was younger and—hadn't any better sense. But there's a string attached to that cottage."

"What kind of a string?"

"Me," he answered ungrammatically. "I go with it. How about it?" She did not answer at once. He watched her closely.

"Well?" he questioned.

"That—that doesn't seem fair to you, Larry," she said,—to make you just a secondary consideration. I shouldn't like to feel that I could love you only when I had time!"

He laughed.

"Don't worry," he said grimly. "You're over-

looking one very important item. You forget that I'm the time-keeper. I'll see that you have time to love me to your—my—our heart's content. If there's any time left you can waste it on that blasted literary endeavor of yours. Now, that's settled."

He got up, put her back into the chair in which they had been sitting and looked at his watch.

"Let me see. It's twelve-thirty now. I'll have to hustle. Now, I'll be back here at five o'clock and I'll have three things with me—"

"Three—?"

"—a license, a ring and a preacher. Be ready. Don't forget. Five o'clock. Good-bye. Kiss me!"

"Larry!"

The words fell on the empty air. He was gone. She dropped back into the chair, almost paralyzed. Well she knew that he would be on hand at the appointed moment and, not only that, he would have with him the three articles specified in the indictment.

Whenever Ainslie looked back on that afternoon he always regarded it as the prize epoch of his career. Long before five o'clock arrived he had become convinced that managing the Lawrence Ainslie Estate was not a circumstance to what a fellow was up against who contemplated committing matrimony. No sooner had he left Gracia than a whole troop of difficulties hitherto unconsidered descended upon him. In the first place, where should they go after the wedding? True, there was the fine old Ainslie home on the Drive. But it had been closed since his mother's death three years ago and could not be made ready for guests in one afternoon. The hotel was out of the question. Gracia would not be happy there. She hadn't the right kind of clothes. Well, there was nothing else for it. He stopped in front of a drug store, stepped into the telephone booth and called up his apartment.

"That you, Kim?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, say, Kim, I'm getting married this afternoon. I'll be home with my wife about five-thirty. And Kim! Did you ever valet a pretty girl?"

"No, Honorable Mr.—"

"Well, neither did I, Kim. You know as much about it as I do. But you get everything nice for her when we come,—dinner for two, you know, and flowers, and—oh, thunder! I

don't need to tell you what to do. You know better than I do. So go ahead. And Kim!"

"Yes, sir."

"You do a good job or I'll discharge you!"

He hung up the receiver and laughed. It was always easy for Lawrence Ainslie to laugh and particularly so on this day. Cheerfully would he have given fifty dollars for a sight of Kim's face. He got into the car again, got his license, bought the ring,—two rings, in fact. Then he went back

to the telephone and called up the Reverend Thaddeus Rodgers, former Rector of St. Chrysostem's, now the Bishop.

"Bishop Rodgers?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Larry Ainslie, Bishop. Are you the worthy gentleman who christened and confirmed me?"

"I think I am, son. Why?"

"Well, I'd like to get you to finish the job, Bishop. Will you marry me this afternoon at five?"

"Will I?" quoth the Reverend Thaddeus slangly. "Well, you just watch me! That's a job I've been yearning to tackle for some years."

"Well, now's your chance, Bishop. I'll come for you in time."

He got into the car again and started down the street. As he rode past the shops on the Avenue he suddenly thought of something else that had not occurred to him before. He pulled up in front of one of them, looked a little dubious for a moment, then got out. He looked at the directory and took the elevator for the fourth floor. When he stepped off he felt as though he had discovered a new world. Certainly it was territory hitherto unexplored by him. As he stood hesitating a saleswoman approached.

"Something you wish, sir?"

"Yes, but—I don't know just what it is."

She looked at him inquiringly. He returned the look.

"I want some—some things for a—a girl," he began lamely.

"What kind of things?"

"Well—"

He looked at her again. She was gray-haired and gentle of manner. Ainslie made one of his quick decisions. He would just make a clean breast of the whole business.

"Listen," he said in a burst of confidence. "You know what I want. If you were young, and a pretty girl and—and—getting married—don't you know what you'd want,—pretty things, soft and fluffy,—like women like to wear—? Well, that's what I want—*pretty* things. And lots of 'em. Can't you find them for me?"

"Of course I can. What size?"

He looked about him.

"About the size of that girl over there."

"Very well. Any particular color?"

He hesitated again.

"Well,—her hair's as black as midnight, and her eyes are—are just lovely," he finished in confusion.

The woman smiled sympathetically.

"You leave it all to me," she said. "What do you wish to pay for them?"

"Just whatever they cost. How long before you can have them ready?"

"May I have an hour?"

"Yes. I'll come back for them then. And here. This is for you."

"Oh, no—"

"Now, please," he said. Then with one of the smiles which made everybody love him, "You've helped me out of an awful scrape!" And he put a bill in her hand.

When he returned the packages were ready. He had them sent down to the car and was off in a flash. It was already four o'clock when he reached his apartment.

"Here, Kim!" he sang out as he entered. "Take my stuff out of those drawers and put these in. And get me out some clean linen, will you?—And—Gee! That's *great*," he broke off as his eyes fell upon the little table arranged for two in the next room. "I don't know just what's in these bundles, Kim. You open 'em and make this room look like,—well, like *hers*, you know. I'll have to hurry."

Kim, the resourceful, got busy. When he saw the contents of some of the packages he was almost as much at sea as his master. But when he opened one of the boxes his eyes danced. Not for nothing had Kim been brought up in the land of kimonos and slippers. And this beautiful rose-colored thing was real. It had been made in his own country, was marvelously embroidered and had the butterfly sash. He rubbed his hands over the soft lustrous silk. Then he laid it across the foot of the bed and placed the slippers on the floor beneath it.



When she returned a few moments later Larry could not believe his eyes

Next he looked through the other things again, found a white lace-and-lingerie creation which looked as though it was intended to be slept in and tossed it carelessly over the pillows. A moment later when Ainslie emerged from the bath room, glowing and clean shaven, his opinion of Kim's real value went up about forty per cent.

In the dingy back parlor in Mohawk street they were married by the Bishop, the good Mrs. Rafferty and one of the maids acting as witnesses. Gracia was very pale and a little tearful. But she had put on the white gown she had worn when she went with him to the opera and as soon as the short ceremony was over he put her into the car just as she was. To tell the truth, her extreme pallor made him anxious, but during the ride a trace of color came back into her face. They dropped the Bishop off at the parish house and a moment later Kim was bowing, as only a Jap knows how to bow, to his new mistress. As soon as he had departed Ainslie turned quickly and caught her in his arms.

"Tired, little wife?" he asked.

"Yes, and not—not very well, I'm afraid, Larry."

"Well, we're going to change all that, sweetheart, and we're going to begin right now. Listen. You go into the next room and put on some things you'll find there,—soft, loose, comfortable things. I'll get into my smoking jacket and keep you company. Then we'll have dinner all by ourselves, just *us*, you know, Girl,—you and I. And after dinner you're to creep right into bed and stay there, and just rest, and sleep, till every bit of the tiredness is gone out of this dear little body. Now, run along."

When she returned a few moments later Larry could not believe his eyes. The soft silken gown had thrown some of its rose color into her cheeks. She had changed her hair a little and her eyes were soft. She looked just right! He sprang to meet her and was busily engaged in expressing himself after a fashion highly approved of lovers when Kim appeared and announced dinner. And Kim was human, too. His smile broadened.

"Japanese lady!" he said.

As they sat at the table the gleam of Gracia's wedding ring reminded her companion of something. He put his hand in his pocket, took out a small box, opened it and held it up before her.

"How do you like that?" he demanded.

"Oh, Larry," she murmured,—"*it's lovely,—gorgeous!*"

"Well, you can't have it!" he teased.

"Why?"

"Why? Why,—because! That's why. Only *engaged* girls get diamonds. You wouldn't be engaged to me. You know you wouldn't. You showed your claws and scratched every time I even suggested it."

"Well, I—"

"Just think of all the good times you missed,—the theatre parties, lunches, flowers, candy, love letters, kisses and all the other nice things which

go with being engaged to your best girl!"

"But, Larry,—"

"The idea of boosting a man right into being a husband without ever giving him a chance to be a *fiancé*! Now, I flatter myself that I should have been particularly good at *fiancé*-ing, Gracia. What do you think?"

"You would be good at anything, Larry!"

"Well, just for that I suppose I'll have to let you have this. But whenever you look at it I hope you will wear sack cloth and ashes! May it ever remind you that you *wouldn't* be engaged to me!"

"And I suppose the other one is to remind me that you *would* be married to me whether I—"

"Hold on! Stop right there!" he laughed. "Here,

now. And there's no trouble waiting for you round the corner in the morning. There never shall be again!"

"Oh, Larry," she said brokenly, "that's too large a thought to take in all at once. I—I'm afraid—"

"Of what, Girl? What do you fear?"

"That a clock will strike twelve somewhere and that I'll wake up and be back—in—Mohawk—street again."

"Never. This isn't a dream, Gracia. It's real. It is to last. And you're never again to be—afraid, dear. I'm here, you know."

He drew a chair to the side of the bed, turned off the light and sat down. It was only a moment till she was in the land of dreams. Nature has a way

of demanding what is her due, and besides,—how easy it is to sleep when one knows he will wake to happiness! But long after her regular breathing told him that she was asleep, Ainslie sat beside her in the darkness filled with thoughts which almost overpowered him. It was true, as she had said, that he *would* marry her. He had carried her off, willy-nilly. He hadn't even given her a chance to protest. Had he been over-confident? What if he had made a mistake? If he couldn't make her happy after all? Something came up in his throat and almost choked him. He looked at her again. She was so—so dear! And he loved her. And she had been cheated out of the things in life to which she was entitled. She had absorbed strange ideas. Her whole existence had been colored with false beliefs. He squared his shoulders. It was up to him to see that she *un*-learned it all,—to teach her that men were strong as granite and true as steel. It had never seemed to Lawrence Ainslie that the words spoken "in the presence of God and these witnesses" made a marriage. They only legalized a man and woman's living together. Marriage itself was far more than that. It was a sacrament,—something sweet and holy, and Love was—well, it was just Life itself! And it was to be *his* task to make her understand all this, and he would do it, even if he had to go right back to the beginning and commence again. He leaned over and softly kissed the dark hair that lay



How easy it was, too, to work out of doors, in the soft summer air, with flowers blooming in the hedges, birds singing in the trees and Larry always watching, waiting and loving her

I'll put this one on to hold the other down. I'm afraid it might not stay put!"

"You're not sorry, really, are you, Larry?" she asked as they rose from the table.

"You bet I am. Not sorry that we're married, dearest, of course,—but sorry for every wee bit of happiness you've lost out of life. Oh, Girl, I want to give it back—a thousand fold. And I *will*," he finished fiercely. "Now, you're to go to bed, you know. I'll go have a smoke."

When he returned she was lying easily on the pillows, one hand under her cheek. She looked like a tired child. He picked her up suddenly and held her close to his heart.

"Good night, Girl,—*my* Girl," he whispered. "You are to sleep all you can and rest, dear. *Rest!* Just remember that you haven't a care in the wide world

against her forehead.

"Poor little kitten!" he said.

When he went into the living room he found Kim awaiting his orders for the night.

"Go down stairs and sleep with Kuno, Kim," he said shortly. "I'll have to borrow your bed."

Kim gasped. Had his honorable boss quite lost his head? Nevertheless the Imperturbable One took his departure without a word. When he got outside the door, however, he shook his head.

"No get married that way in *my* country!" he remarked.

Two weeks later they were in the Hills. Gracia worked indefatigably on the book, that is, as indefatigably as Ainslie would permit. Larry had kept

(Continued on Page 23)

ADVENTURIN' WITH MIRIAM

In Which Miss Nesbitt Meets Some Strangers

EVEN the most exciting studios become irksome betimes—which, of course, includes Edison along with the rest. Playing make-believe all the while is not calculated to give one the essential spice of life—which comes of variety—and thus it happened that Miriam Nesbitt betook herself to strange scenes. She needed a rest and a change—and mixed some excitement in with the combination. Now, the kind of Indians Miss Nesbitt was acquainted with, were the studio kind, with make-up and all. She knew that there were Indians—somewhere; maybe out in the West. But just what those Indians were actually like, was a different matter.

The first story, then, is an Indian story, and its setting is the Menominee Reservation in Wisconsin—for the Badger state still has plenty of its original inhabitants; leastwise, descendants of those inhabitants.

It was a motor journey from Merrill, Wis., of about 125 miles, and the last fifteen miles of road led through swampy, muddy, narrow trails, with a fair illustration of what Wisconsin was before it was Wisconsin. But all trails have their end, and at the termination of this one was Neopit, the red man's metropolis, of some 1,500 copper-hued souls. It looked for all the world as though a director should be on the job somewhere, but if there was a director, it was the chief.

"What a fine lot of extras!" Miss Nesbitt exclaimed with enthusiasm to her friends.

"Hum-m-m-m!" grunted a red-skin, who overheard the comment. "Me no extra—me one-price Injun!" He resented what he regarded as a bargain-counter allusion.

"Oh!" Miss Nesbitt cried in delight, as she turned her back on her huge commentator, and watched a little Minnehaha coming shyly toward her. "What may your name be?"

"Lend-a-Hand!" the child of the forest answered hesitantly.

"Of course, I will! But—what is your name?"

"Lend-a-Hand!" the Indian maid responded. "My name, him is Lend-a-Hand. Him heap prettier name than his"—pointing to another Indian lassie—"Him name, 'Faro Bank!'"

On the edge of town was the burial ground—with the coffins all above ground, but with the bodies beneath the earth—just barely. There were innumerable "good Indians" there.

"What strange customs!" Miss Nesbitt observed, as the plan of burial was explained to her.

The big, slew-footed brave who had previously commented on the remark about the extras, was close at hand.

"Heap funny custom!" he remarked. "Pale face, him bury dead with brass band and big four-flush. Injun, he feel bad inside—not outside!"

"Well, I'd like to have your picture," Miss Nesbitt told him, after surveying him coolly for some moments. "Will you pose?"

"Sure, me pose—sure. It cost you one dollar, though. Gotta price?"

"Well," Miss Nesbitt retorted, "maybe you have adhered to some of your old customs, but you have learned the white man's graft."

"Why not?" the brave grunted. "White man graft us outa everything. Now Injun graft back!"

Miss Nesbitt now declares that the Indian extras at the studios are not at all up-to-date. If they were, they'd be switching salaries with the stars.

From Merrill to Minneapolis, the party motored, through the vast variety of roads of the North, and then the Edison star exchanged her open-air mode of travel for a trans-continental train, and journeyed to Yellowstone Park, where a fine assortment of thrills awaited her.

Miriam Nesbitt never starred in any of the animal stories, and she is quite certain she never will. Yellowstone Park is noted for its animals—and as between them and the geysers, Miss Nesbitt says the geysers please her most.

The party had crossed Yellowstone Lake late one afternoon, and after they had registered at the hotel, the popular Edison actress went for a walk



"Well, I'd like to have your picture? Will you pose?"

tle, she had read in a book that it is poor policy to run away from a bear. The advice was sound. Pray, how can one run when one's knees are weak and one is too wobbly to stand erect?

"N-n-n-ice b-b-bear!" she chattered, and in the language of the studio, she registered anguish. But the bear kept coming! The baleful light in his eyes was beyond dispute.

Finally, from the depth of the forest came a human voice. "Don't run, miss," it said tenderly.

"N-n-o, I w-w-w-won't r-r-run," Miss Nesbitt replied.

"Keep coming toward me. The bear doesn't want you—he wants me."

"Oh!" Miss Nesbitt gurgled, "then, I-I-I-I'd b-b-better g-g-o the o-o-other way!"

"Oh, but this is a tame bear. He simply thinks that I have some sugar for him. He loves things very sweet."

"T-t-thanks," Miss Nesbitt stammered. "N-now, I k-k-know!"

A mother bear and two cubs put in their appearance, and also begged for sugar, but in the meanwhile, Miss Nesbitt executed a retreat. That evening, after dinner, the visitors were invited out to watch the bruins consume the garbage. There was a space roped off, and near it stood a man with a rifle. That was much safer, but Miss Nesbitt fancied that a machine gun would have been more appropriate.

Even a week later, while scrutinizing the menu in a dining car, this same little actress nearly developed indigestion when she read, "Bear meat, hunters' style." So long as the bears had refrained from eating her, why should she eat the bears? Reciprocity is a great thing.

After the wonders of both fairs, Miriam Nesbitt felt that she was becoming too prosaic again, and her spirit of adventure began to manifest itself.

"Fairs are too dull, really," she confided to one of her screen friends in Los Angeles. "One may play in the films any time, but one may not dodge bears and marvel at Indians always. I wish something would turn up. A trip through the Canal might suffice, and still that is also very civilized. What would you suggest?"

"Ever hunt mock turtles?" the friend asked facetiously. "Or catch corporate seals?"

"Come, come," Miss Nesbitt urged, "I really mean something genuinely exciting. I am beginning to like it. Sometimes it was exciting enough to play opposite Marc McDermott—but now I crave the pioneer brand of thrills. Has everything been discovered, do you suppose? How about Mexico? Maybe I could score as secretary to Pancho Villa—what?"

The days passed, but only the excitement of cities answered the call—until one morning, her friend came rushing into the hotel.

"By cracky, I have it!" he exclaimed. "They've found a new gold camp over in Nevada. Never heard of those tales of wealth of Goldfield and Tonopah and all the rest of 'em, did you? Why, they found so much gold out there, the dentists threatened to fill teeth with tin—gold was getting that common. People out in the camps begged one's pardon for paying in gold—it was scattered around so. And now, they have uncovered a new find—richer, maybe, than any of the others. Rough life—gamblin' joints—men with red shirts and chaps and six-guns!"

"That's enough. I'll go!"



"My name, him is Lend-a-hand"

in the woods. They were thin woods—and very innocent looking. Nature was extremely beautiful, and all the glories of the West were in this young lady's mind. That is, the glories were present until she heard a step behind her, and looked over her shoulder only to see a big black bear, on his hind legs, toddling after her. His mouth was open, too, and she is very certain that there was a baleful light in his eyes.

"Nice b-b-b-bear!" she stammered, as the chills played tag around her spine. "N-n-n-ice little b-b-b-bear! He doesn't w-w-w-want to eat me—oh, m-m-my no!"

But Bruin kept on coming—with the light in his eyes more baleful, and his red tongue suggesting a marvelous appetite. Did bears really eat people? She was sure that she had read that they did—especially western bears—and more particularly Yellowstone Park bears.

Once, when she was very lit-

Miss Nesbitt betook herself to strange scenes



STARS IN JUNGLELAND

THE Selig Polyscope Company bears the distinction of being the west-coast pioneer, dating back some eight years, when Colonel William Selig sent Francis Boggs to California with a company of players. If my memory serves me well, Boggs filmed scenes for "Monte Cristo" at La Jolla.

In April, 1909, Mr. Boggs conducted another company of Selig players to the coast, and took a lot and a small building, where he directed Stella Adams, Betty Harte, Tom Santschi, Ed Vivian and Frank Montgomery, with James L. McGee established as business manager.

Poor Boggs also took unto himself a Japanese servant, who developed a sort of phobia toward Francis, and dispatched him in most brutal fashion, over a fancied grievance.

It must give Colonel Selig unbounded satisfaction to feel that he was the pioneer of the motion picture industry in California where many thousands are employed today and where the majority of the pictures shown all over the globe are made. When he looks over his own large establishments he must feel that glow of pride which comes of things well done, of giving employment to many and of pleasure given to millions of people. Mr. Selig was not at the Zoo the day I was there; he was busy guiding the multifarious strings in Chicago. When in California he is one of the busiest men in the studios, his keen eye is everywhere and he has numerous interviews with his own people, for the Colonel is always accessible and ever ready to listen to suggestions or to complaints. That is why his old employes love him so much.

Tom Mix tells a good story of an interview with Mr. Selig, one which illustrates to a large extent the affection in which he is held. Some time before departing for the desert, Tom went in to see the "big boss," determined to get a raise in his salary. He finally emerged from the private office with a curious smile and was asked whether he had achieved his object. "Why, no," Mix replied, "we just naturally talked about old times and things, and he was so blamed nice that I never said anything about the raise; I sort of left him feeling that I ought to give him a present or something."

I said that the Selig Polyscope Company was noted as the west-coast pioneer. It is equally noted for its remarkable Zoo, world-famed, and extensive. I

By DICK MELBOURNE

always regard my Selig Zoo visit as a sort of half-holiday, for it is one of the most beautiful of all the southern California studios—which is saying a great

mysteries of the mighty, noted, growing Selig Zoo. There are really two sections of this vast plant. One is the Zoo proper, open to the public, and patronized liberally by the tourists. The ample grounds and the spacious dance hall, are points of interest and life—noted throughout the world. But the other

portion of the Zoo, devoted to the stages and the filming, is not so easy of approach. It is the inner temple, where the votaries of art labor amid the most enviable surroundings for the delight of the film-loving public.

And the animals! What wonderful beasts they are. I fancy that they sense their importance, these lithe-limbed cats from jungle and veldt. There is power lying back of their feline smiles, and maybe treachery back of their yellow eyes. Tigers, lions, leopards, and many of the other members of the cat race, are found in multitudes. And there are elephants and camels, and zebras, and pretty nearly everything else under the sun, with many representatives of the reptile households. The Selig animal pictures, from the stirring "Kathlyn" serial down, have been great public favorites, although the enthusiasts who watch the capers of these beasts on the screen little realize what long chances the human actors take in these same dramas.

But the animals have nothing to worry about—except, perhaps, at nightfall, when the call of the wild comes strong, and the throaty protests billow from scores of cages. Then, and only then, do the denizens of the wilderness seem to sense the mystic summons to join their free, but less well-fed, mates.

They have no end of trouble securing suitable animal stories. It is amusing, really. I am told that many of the scenarios submitted call for the animals to do all manner of human things, while not a few of the authors prescribe the slaughter of beasts worth a king's ransom. Folk are so reckless with other people's money!

Thus it happens that practically all of the Selig animal plays are evolved in the Selig studios, for the staff writers understand the requirements as well as the limitations.

But as to these animals, let us particularize. As they say in the circus advertising: "A Thousand Beasts—a Thousand—Count 'Em." The census of the Zoo proper displays some forty lions of all breeds and persuasions; eighteen Bengal tigers, the kind



WILLIAM N. SELIG

deal. When it comes to landscape gardening, it has but one rival, and that is—. But this is not a story of the other, and besides that other is sufficiently far away to avoid any clash of sentiment or pride.

No less an artist than Carlos Romanelli, of Florence, Italy, the cradle of artists, fashioned the beautiful main entrance, beyond which lie the many

WHEELER OAKMAN



KATHLYN WILLIAMS

Photo by Hartzook



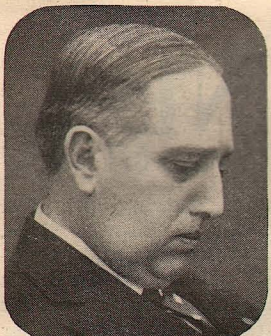
THOMAS SANTSCHI

Photo by Kirkpatrick



BESSIE EYTON





WALLACE C. CLIFTON



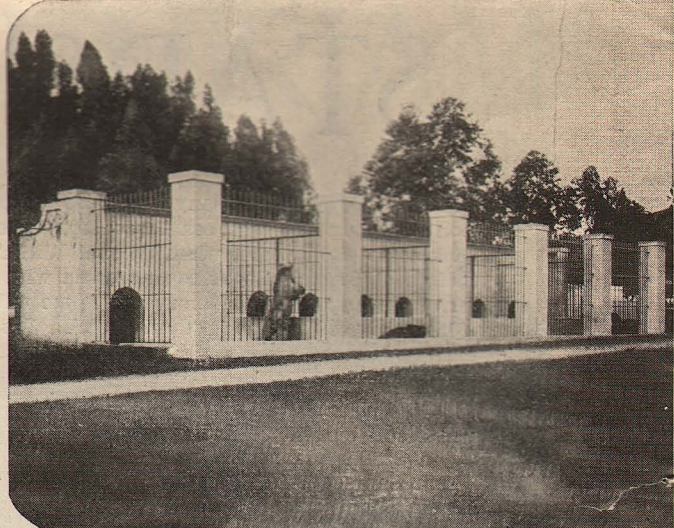
AL. FILSON



CECIL HOLLAND



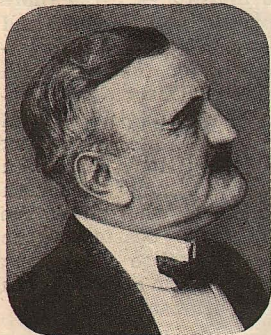
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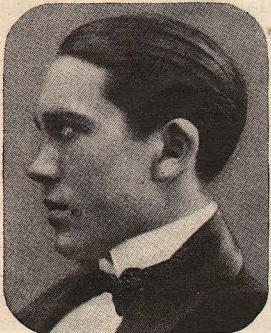
And there are Bears and Camels and Elephants and Ze



EDWARD PIEL



FRANK CLARK



JACK PICKFORD

almost with saber teeth; twenty silk-footed leopards; eighteen smiling pumas, several jaguars, panthers and all the rest of the cat relatives. Four cat bears—the only ones of the breed in America—a pair of black leopards, some snow leopards and chetas, some cloud-leopards, four yaks, several llamas, spotted deer, wild boars, kangaroos, and no limitation to birds, such as emus, cranes of every type and description, excepting the steam and electric varieties.

But pause—for we have not completed the enumeration. There's a herd of camels, there are water buffalo, black yak, sacred cattle, black deer, zebras, giraffes, goats, the great pachyderm star, "Toddles," the baby, "Anna May," and—well, we might continue to count 'em. They are all there—of every variety, from the nooks, corners and crannies of the world, ready to serve the amusement hungry public—but not as most hungry folk expect to be served.

No wonder Miss Kathlyn Williams had a full-grown job when it came to playing opposite some of these monsters. Who would care, now really, to have a cheta as an understudy, and a panther playing "bits"? Who, we ask? And who would care to have a baboon holding down a character part, or a bengal tiger just back of a banyan tree waiting for his cue?

Miss Williams had all these thrills, and animals are not the most easily persuaded actors in the world. They have more or less temperament, and no little deviltry as well—for good measure.

But let us not form a misconception as to the Zoo plant. There are the human actors, and the other human factors, all of whom are happily engrossed with the work of play production. For example, there is burly Tom Parsons, the manager, who presides over the producing activities of the host of artists, and who aids, in no small measure, to add to the bulging bank balance of the genial Colonel.

Mr. Parsons has a small office, sandwiched

in between some of the dressing rooms, although a very fancy suite would be at his instant command if he wished to take up his official abode in the main office building. But Tom wants to be near the heart of things—out on the firing line, ready for every call on his time and talents.

For a long while, Mr. Parsons has been in his official capacity, and he has the friendship and confidence of the studio employees. He is bluff, hearty, well met, and pointed enough in his demands to get what he wants when he wants it. If he demands action, action is his for the asking. If he needs speed, the speed-tap is opened wide.

A door or so away is the office of Wallace Clifton, the ever courteous and efficient scenario editor, the man who writes numberless scripts and who reads countless others. He was receiving a visit from one of the most pleasant ladies I know, the smiling Emma Bell who also writes scripts, good ones too. Emma Bell is Mrs. Clifton in private life and they are a mighty pleasant couple to have on one's visiting list.

Down in "Jungleland" I came across the one and only Tom Santschi, who was directing and acting in an animal picture. Tom does not often act these days, for his directorial duties keep him busy enough without putting on the grease paint. He is a quiet but incisive director who is popular with his artists and we all know his rapid-fire animal subjects. Santschi is a well set-up, athletic fellow with keen eyes and close, curly hair. He had lots of stage experience before going into the picture game and there is no trick in acting which he does not know. He is, moreover, the oldest actor in point of service, of the lot.

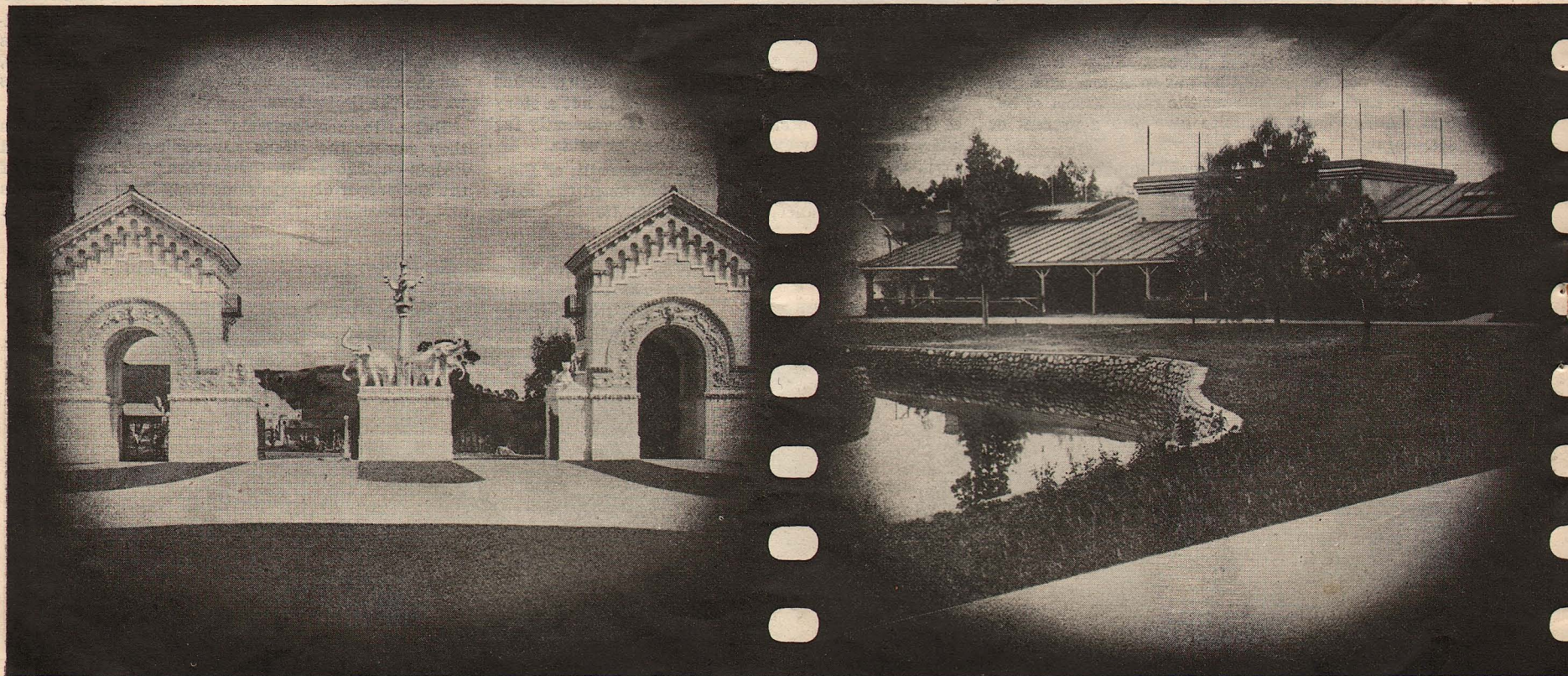
I had a chat with pretty Edith Johnson, who was waiting her turn and playing with a very small and very cheeky little Boston bull-pup, which chewed industriously at her shoe

strings, imitating the growl of a full sized lion the while. Miss Johnson is a decided blonde with warm brown eyes. She was never on the speaking stage, but has been in pictures for some time and appeared with the Lubin Company before joining the Selig forces. Previous to acting for photoplays, Miss Johnson posed for the Eastman camera people at Rochester and every one knows that she must be a vastly interesting and pretty girl to be selected for such an honor.

Lloyd B. Carleton, producer, is a very big man both in reputation and bulk and he has a brother assisting him who is almost as big as he is. Their combined chins would make quite a respectable, if small, step ladder. Carleton had some clever people with him and one very beautiful one, Bessie Eyton. Miss Eyton is one of the most charming girls in pictures, and although she looks beautiful on the screen, she cannot show the glory of that hair of hers; it is golden red and shines in the sunlight like burnished gold, but looks black on the screen, as red always does, and it seems such a pity that its true color cannot be photographed as well as the sweetness of the features below her crowning glory. She is a quiet girl, always pleasant and she is more than that; she is a thinker and studies her parts closely. Had Miss Eyton been advertised more, she would be one of the most popular girls on the screen, and as it is she is beloved by most theatre goers and she deserves the affection bestowed on her.

Edward J. Piel was acting opposite Miss Eyton. He is almost as quiet as she, and as is usually the case with quiet people, he is a good actor. He was with the Lubin company

Through majestic portals inviting, into semi-tropic vistas enticing, where noted screen favorites and restive jungle





Zebras and pretty nearly everything else under the sun



EDITH JOHNSON



Photoplayer's Studio
LILLIAN BROWN LEIGHTON



Photo by Kirkpatrick
EUGENIE BESSERER



Photo by Hartzook
VIVIAN REED

own brother of Mary, when I went in for a sandwich. Jack was at lunch and I did not even know he was on his way westward. He has filled out a lot since I saw him last, and he told me he had a long engagement and contract and that he

was glad to get back to California again. Jack is fast becoming one of the most desirable juveniles in the country.

I met lots of other clever people, some just for a few moments as they hurried out to location: Virginia Kirtley passed the time of day and said she was getting along famously. Virginia was with Burton King all the time he was making the Usona pictures which are being released by the Selig people, and she followed Margarita Fischer as lead for the Beauty brand at the American. Virginia is awfully good-looking and has adorable dimples. She is playing in dramas, which she really prefers to comedies.

Al. Filson, that clever actor and old time Vaudevilian who played "A Tip on the Derby" for so long on circuit, said how-de-do as he went by, and Cecil Holland made himself known, a necessary act as he was in one of his clever make-ups. Holland is one of the recognized makeup artists in the profession.

And the other Selig Western notables were there—busy as bees in clover-time. The inimitable Bob Daly, winsome Eugenie Besserer, talented Frank Clark, and successful Wheeler Oakman, all helping the world through the medium of the Selig films.

Some additions are being made to this well-known host, including charming Grace Diamond, and others who are coming from Chicago—but as I am penning these lines prior to the Chicago contingent's arrival, I promise to tell about them at some other time.

The evening shadows were drawing closer when I bid farewell to my friends, and over in the Zoo the restiveness of the night was coming apace. There were low growls of

jungle disapproval—and occasional howls of lamentation that the wilds were so far away, screened by bars of unyielding steel.

I paused outside the entrance, and listened. The chorus of the beasts arose and died down in an ebb and flow of animal unrest. What a strange combination of talent and facilities when one comes to think about it. All the beasts are represented, and mortal talent is plentiful. Here is a little kingdom all within itself—just as though Mr. Noah had set up house-keeping on a lavish scale after his unpleasant experience with the damp spell—or the rainy season, as we would say out this way.

Many come and others go, and the customary changes of studio life are found in Selig Western just as in any other studio, with a few rooted deep to their positions, loath to depart and look for distant fields. But the present company merits our sincerest praise, as I am quite sure you will admit after viewing the Selig productions on the screen. For, after all, this great aggregation of animals, and all these artists, authors and directors, with their innumerable helpers, are here primarily to please you, and help smooth away the worries of the day. They delight in their work—they are proud of their mission—and they are always ready, the human actor people at least, to send their smiles out to the world.

But the animals—their humor is different. They are droll, these strange creatures. They delight, I fancy, in sinking their sharp teeth into the yielding flesh of mere mortals—that is, all but the horned and tusked specimens, and they have little ways of their own.

But men, women and beasts get along splendidly—while the cages are strong. They understand one another very well, and sometimes they love to give us thrills, until we marvel at the life of the folk of the screen. But the thrills we demand, and the other art we demand—and it is all made-to-order in Selig Western—the gardens of the Selig Zoo.



Photo by Hartzook
EMMA BELL



Photo by Luitzel
VIRGINIA KIRKLEY



FRITSI BRUNETTE

for two years and was associated with the Pathe concern and with Edwin August before joining the Selig company, and before all that he had oodles of experience in stock. Piel is a good-looking fellow with an actor's face, dark brown hair and rather deep set eyes of brown.

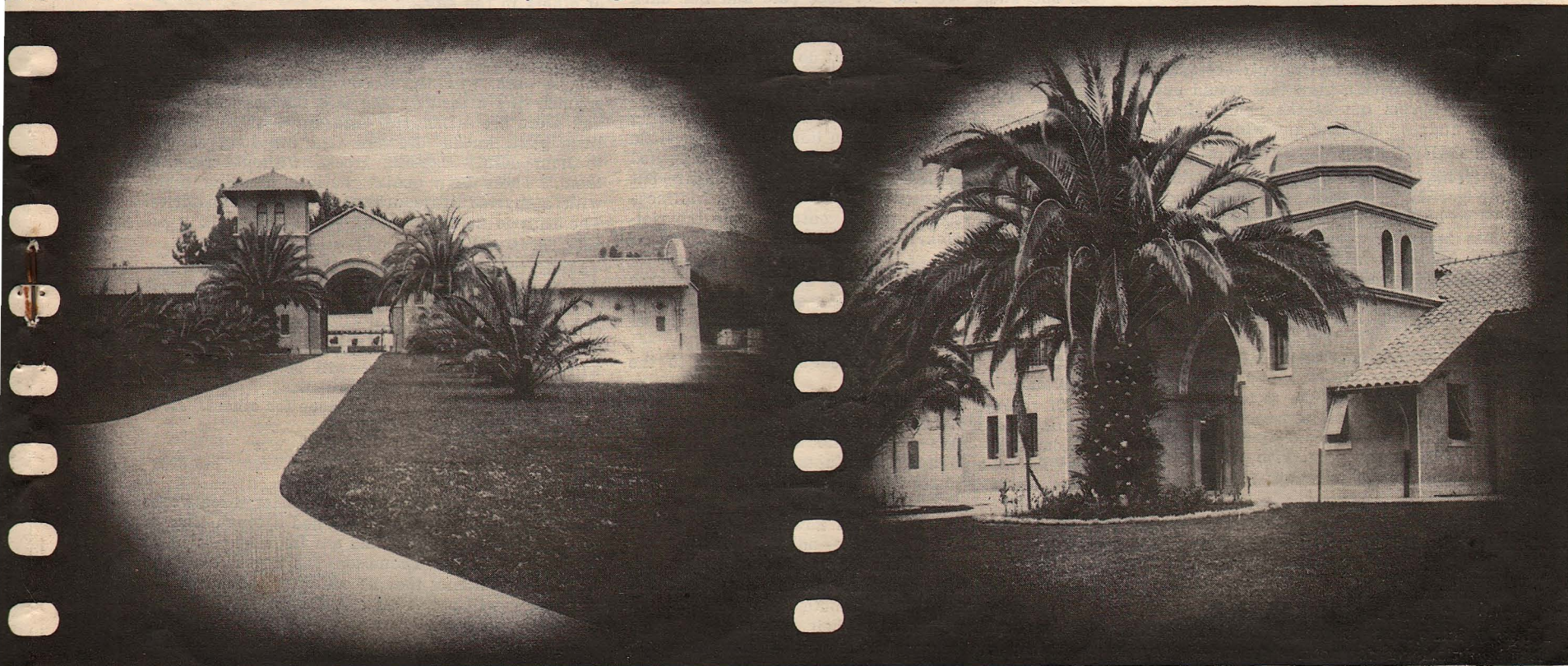
Lillian Brown Leighton told me that she was going to join the Vogue company in a few weeks' time, but she was there and rightly belongs to this article; even if she did not, she is such a good sort and such a nice lady that I should ring her in anyhow. Miss Leighton is on the plump order, and looks too pretty to distort her face the way she does, but we would be all the losers if she did not. She also had been with Mr. Selig for five years, and before that time she was well known on every vaudeville circuit in the land. Miss Leighton has brown hair and eyes and there is a sparkle in those eyes which tells of the fun fomenting all the time in her busy brain.

Elsewhere, near the dressing rooms, I encountered Vivian Reed who will be remembered as having been with the Oz company. Vivian is a beauty, a blonde with hazel eyes and dark eyebrows. She was with Mrs. Leslie Carter in "The Heart of Maryland."

On another stage I came across Bob Daly and his wife, Fritsi Brunette, who were busily engaged on a drama. Bob directs these days and does not appear on the screen at all, and Miss Fritsi does the showing off (as far as the screen is concerned) for the family. She is a dainty bit of femininity and they are big favorites everywhere, these two.

I was surprised to interrupt Jack Pickford,

le stars blend their varied talents and widely divergent inclinations and experiences in producing Selig masterpieces



DIARY OF DANIEL DARWOOD

A Chronicle of a Movie Idol's Hopes and Aspirations—Part 2

Sunday Morning,
May the 21st—

By Mabel Brown Sherard



IT is six o'clock. From my window, I can look over Los Angeles, wrapped in lazy, Sunday-morning slumber. A riot of spring-time glory is in the air, the parks are a paradise—such a marvelous dawn, makes one feel the throb of Life's intensity and God's commendation of His world. The heaven of Spring has neutralized the poison of civilization in my soul—I feel like a two-year-old on the race track!

I suppose my plans for the day are largely responsible for this early morning joyousness of mine. I am going away from the whole world for a day—nobody

shall know me. I am going to wear the oldest khaki outfit I can scrape up and I may not even shave! There's a spot where the trees overlap the clearest little pool in California—the rocks are gray and flat and, below, the shoals, with their drowsy, musical, swirling waters. The birds call in happy confidence, one to another and there's no gaping humanity at large in this blessed spot.

They say the cat can look at the queen—but I detest the way the average person opens his mouth when he recognizes me on the streets! First, he spies me—he stops—obstructs the street—opens his mouth—and beams with a glow that would put any self-respecting Mazda out of the running! Then, as I pass, he nudges his friend and whispers noisily: "THAT'S DARWOOD!"

I pass, trying to look human, but feeling like an African gorilla on Broadway. It may be wine to some—I've heard it is—but I'm hungry to have a man pass me with a clear-eyed glance of non-recognition, tempered with toleration. I long to be able to browse around in a book-store without short-circuiting the business—to eat in a restaurant where nobody knows Darwood from a Canadian lumberjack.

Thank God, the trees and Dame Nature don't give a continental whether I'm Darwood or a Fiji Islander! A fish is too democratic to bite my hook in preference! So, diary mine, perhaps you can figure out why I'm fleeing to the country for the day.

Here comes Karsi, my man, with my breakfast—wish me a happy day, won't you?

* * * * *

Wednesday Evening, the 24th—

Well, man proposes and the devil disposes! At least, I'm convinced that the Old Gentleman himself, was commander-in-chief of my Sunday holiday.

I hardly know how to go about relating it all. I had a glorious forenoon anyway—I caught enough trout for my dinner and broiled them

over the stones. I lay on a rock afterwards, and read Kipling. Good clever stuff, too.

About four-thirty, I started across the shoals to take a tramp on the other side. Without warning, my foot slipped—the world turned red and green—a hot pain, like a knife blade, shot through my right knee—I felt myself crumpling, and the raw chill of the water as I struck.

Luckily, my head struck a rock—at least, I suppose so as one side of my face is a greenish-yellow. When I recovered my senses, I was lying with both legs in the water, and my body against a boulder.

I knew that I had wrenched my knee—God, how it hurt! I managed to crawl out, breathing like a bellows—I remember lying still for a long time. Then I realized that I was really in a bad fix. I had told Karsi not to come for me, that I would tramp it in. The nearest road was a quarter of a mile away and the chance of my making anyone hear, very slim.

The tops of the trees looked like a green blur—I must have been semi-conscious. I dreamed I heard Henriette's voice, and awoke to find it—a grim reality!

I remember wondering how under the sun, she had found the place—then, when common sense came to my rescue, I remembered, with an easy spasm of the brain, that she knew it as I did—from a former scene enacted there.

It seems that she and her aunt were motoring and had left their car at the wood's edge. What a fuss those two women did make over me—I was tempted to say that Karsi had gone for my car, but my confounded knee was getting stiffer every minute, and I didn't relish the idea of lying out there all night. "Auntie" ran back for the chauffeur, and Henriette knelt down beside me.

She was alarmed, I could see—her eyes were wide and frightened, and her breath came in little excited jerks.

"Daniel—are—are you hurt?"

"Not at all," I lied, "my knee is misbehaving and one side of my head is loosened up a bit. Don't worry."

SHE looked as much in keeping with the glorious beauty of the place as an Irish washerwoman in a boudoir. Her gown had cost every cent of her last week's check—she exhaled Mary Garden perfume all over the spot—she looked like a pagan dancer in a nunnery.

But—let me record it with shame—for a moment, as she knelt over me her face pale and her dark eyes pleading her sympathy—I felt the lure of her. I had a sudden impulse to strangle her down to me and kiss her—but what do you suppose saved me from an act, I would have bitterly repented a second later?

A vision of a sweet, babyish face, with quivering lips and violet eyes aswim in hurt tears. The little girl of the park! I can't imagine why I happened to think of the little thing at that moment—but the sweet girlishness of her and the worldliness of Henriette—somehow the contrast made the riotous beauty of Henriette distasteful—the temptation was gone!

I believe she saw it—for a moment her eyes gleamed with a seductive light of victory—the next moment, she was deathly pale. I'm sorry, I honestly am—but I can't love that woman!

Anyway, with the chauffeur's aid, I got to the car and—home.

Of course, the thing got into the papers—much, I suppose, to Henriette's delight. I rather dreaded Thompson's visit—I knew he would be sore over having to hold up "The Huntsman"—but he was very agreeable about it all. Thompson knows I'm on to him.

My rooms are alive with flowers—looks as if a funeral might be in order—only, I believe most funeral posies lie down in wreaths and these are all standing! Bet a dollar, some of the women and girls who sent these "tributes," haven't enough decent undergarments to their names!

It has just occurred to me that I have forgotten to tell you, diary, about the home I am building.

It is nearing completion and I am wild to get out to see it. It is not to be the usual bungalow—I have twenty acres in my grounds and I expect to live there all my life. I believe a man's soul needs a home spot after the original laid down in Genesis. This wasn't a barren spot, sun-glazed, and elbowing its neighbor, with a fence between for a peacemaker, like the two-by-four affairs most people are satisfied with. I believe a fellow needs plenty of room to express himself in fruits and flowers and the homelier vegetables—room for a healthy privacy and inspiration.

It is to be of gray, old stone—a queer, rambling thing, that looks as if it might have crept down from the eternal hills and snuggled in the depths of my trees. The roof is of soft-shaded green tile—the interior is wonderfully convenient, and is designed for real life, and not for style. There are a thousand little things about it that the right kind of a woman would adore, but Henriette would probably hate it because it is not like the thousands of others in the city.

There is a suite of rooms that I have designed for my—daughter. Ah! Don't laugh, diary! You promised, you know!

It is pink, with the woodwork in creamy, white enamel—the dressing room is a marvel of mirrors and there are wonderful, cedar-lined drawers, with little glass knobs—drawers that are long enough to hold dainty dancing frocks without crushing them. There is a quaint, built-in dressing table, with a myriad little drawers to hold accessories. The bath is fit for a queen—it is pink, too.

PINK, to my mind, suits a blonde better than any other color! Then I have an out-door breakfast room—a sort of glorified park pavilion—all windows. In winter, this will be a heavenly sun-parlor and in summer, an out-door paradise. The furniture will be willow—and there will be rare, old blue china and fruits from my garden.

Some things in this world, atone for others. Ever found it that way, diary?

* * * * *

Sunday, the 27th of June—

Well, I am about straight again after three weeks away from the studio. I have had a tough time of it with this game knee, and am impatient to be at work once again. Thompson has finished all the "Huntsman" scenes that he can do without me, and next week will see it all complete, even if I am a staggering wreck afterward!

Release date is slipping up on us and a mild fortune has been spent in advertising this pet five-



reeler of the Invincible—Hale hasn't a single unused word left in his brain, I'd swear to it! He told me yesterday that it is "damned hard work," to write up an unenthusiastic creature like myself—I reminded him, that if he would stay on earth in his descriptions of me and let Olympian adjectives alone—well, I might warm up to his work a little!

I am anxious to see how the public is going to take this film. It's a corker—out of the beaten path, teeming with strength—straight action and a rushing, good plot, and, best of all, it is clean and wholesome. How I do detest the sensual roles of impossible life I have to portray! I can't understand the trend of a brain, which some of the Invincible "star" staff writers reveal in their stories of rank emotionalism.

NOW, Morton, author of the "Huntsman" is a free lance and, as I have said, a clever chap. He will however, make no hurrah in this world, because he isn't sensational—that is, unless the public taste swings back toward decency! None of your Chambers-Morris-Brady slush about him. I had him out to lunch with me today and found him a good pal. He told me of his hopes, his early struggles to break into the scenario game—what that fellow has endured and hoped for and labored for, would, if published, give some of these aimless amateurs a new definition of determination and grit!

Why, he said he wrote forty scripts and never had a written word of editorial encouragement for over two years—finally the Star Company sent him a card telling him his story was held for consideration. In time, it came winging home with a cold, printed slip of rejection. He rewrote it, sent it to seven other companies, who unceremoniously hastened it back to him. But he believed in the story—it gripped him—some editor must see! He revised it yet again, strengthened the synopsis and tried once again—and, in ten days, was the proud possessor of a check for one hundred and fifty dollars. And still the amateurs howl "Favoritism!" "no chance for the amateur!"—Bah! There is no chance for any save the Mortons of this life—the breed that never yields to despair.

It's the same way with my profession. If I am on "the hill-crest of Fame" (Hale again) it's because I have sweated my way to the top. I can well recall the old days, when as a lad of fifteen, I felt the stage calling me. I remember—with sorrow—how my dear old Presbyterian father prayed over me—prayed that God, in His Mercy, would remove "this thorn" from his heart. Married late in life, I was a cherished son of this happy union—it could not be that I would persist in becoming an actor! I loved him and I loved my white-haired old mother—I tried to make them see that Ambition and Talent were surging within me for expression, that it was the strongest thing in my life. I had to choose finally—and I chose—the stage!

I sometimes wonder what God, in His final judgment, is going to do with His creatures of Talent—his super-creations. If they have not lived as they should—if He has not been first in their lives—if the love of the thing He Himself planted within them, has dominated their lives—then, are they answerable for the trend of their lives?

Are they, diary?

I ran away and joined a cheap, traveling show. I stood hard knocks and bad food, health-wrecking hours and poor pay until the dawn of better days. I managed to keep my health through it all, because, as God is my witness, I kept myself clean. Through those days, like a shadow, ran the knowledge that I, the only child of my parents, had grievously disappointed them—and the great blight of my life is the fact that they both died unreconciled to my profession. For this reason, I can't work East—I keep a continent between me and my boyhood home. I have enough salted down to keep me in comfort the rest of my life—yet, I am an exile!

No more tonight, diary, I cannot.

* * * * *

Friday, July the 2nd—

Glory! The "Huntsman" is finished! We closed it up at noon today and I entertained the whole company at dinner at the S—this evening—some dinner, too, believe me. The bill would have paid for a bride's trousseau. Everybody was feeling good, and we had a great time. Thompson's yarns were in fine form and Henriette queued it in a gorgeous gown of pink. Somehow, it seems a sacrilege for her to wear pink—red and royal purple are so obviously her rights!

I learned something tonight that makes me feel ten years younger. Thompson is in love with Henriette! He was drinking just enough to make it a little too plain. I ought to be ashamed to feel the way I do about it, but when a woman clamps herself on to one, it is only natural to rejoice when other prey swims up to divert her.

I want my wife-to-be to resist me a little—just enough to make me mad for her and not enough to make me desperately unhappy.

When my contract with the Invincible expires in October, there'll be some changes in the new one, if I star for them again. Foremost demand: a new leading woman, who knows enough about her profession to keep self out of it! Second, Morton must have a place on the staff. I'm getting fonder of him every day. He is the first real pal I've had since I was a youngster—it's his sincerity, his poise, his good old Yankee common sense. He doesn't hesitate to turn my invitations down if they don't suit him—there's not an ounce of hero-worship in his make-up—he knows celebrities are human.

Do you know it is one-thirty, diary? And I have to report at the studio at nine in the morning. Goodnight, pal.

* * * * *

Sunday Evening, the 8th of August—

Five weeks since I have talked to you, diary! So much has happened—my time has been so full that I have had to neglect you.

This afternoon, I spent out at home! Yes, it is finished to the last touch, and I have had an army of men busy on the grounds for the past ten days. If I do say it, it is one of the show places of California—I will never be ashamed of it.

I WAS amused at Karsi. "So big a house—for us—two?" Well, I suppose twenty-three rooms is ample turning space for two individuals. Somehow, it did seem rather empty.

I am going to furnish my apartments only. Perhaps, if I were to choose the down-stairs things, it might not please—well, what's the use hugging a secret from you—the One for whom the whole business, master thrown in, was designed.

I have just returned from the Superba. "The Huntsman" opened tonight, with a record-breaking crowd. I always go to see my features on opening night because I can judge the crowd's enthusiasm more accurately. The town has been alive with posters and the papers overflowing with Hale's marvelous descriptions of the film. So, when I motored in early, I was prepared for the jam. I sent Karsi to the S—to wait for me and began my fight for the entrance.

There is nothing more interesting to me than the democratic, good-fellowship mob surging around any place of amusement—Life flames high and cares are forgotten. I jostled against debutantes and rough laborers alike—there were white-haired old mothers—God bless them—youths whistling

across the heads to one another. From inside, the strains of "A Perfect Day" floated out—I knew that the last half of the fourth reel was on. I spied Thompson, his gray felt pulled down over one eye, leaning in a corner and nervously chewing his cigar—you'd think he had the burden of nations upon him at the first run of his pictures. That's why the Invincible stands for his thirty thousand per. He is on the look-out for mistakes, and he keeps his finger on the pulse of the public.

Nobody recognized me, thanks to the light I stood in and the way I wore my hat—a crowd of pretty girls came up.

"Goo-oo-oodnight!" said one, "what a jam!"

"Who cares for a jam?" replied a dark-eyed one saucily. "I'd stand here a week to see Daniel Darwood."

I looked at her closely—shopgirl, I decided, because of her extreme clothes and—her generous wad of chewing gum. Well, I. . . .

The crowd began pouring out—I needed no other evidence than the thrilled, subdued light in the eyes of that throng, that the film had made good. I felt a sudden exultation—Morton had triumphed! A clean play, shorn of melodramatic thrills, had scored! I elbowed up to the entrance, successfully captured a ticket and passed in.

The usher at the door recognized me.

"Mr. Darwood, there's no good seat in the section you like. Take a box—just this once." His eyes were eager.

"Now, kid," I answered good-humoredly, "you have been ushering here for a long time. Did you ever know me to take a box? Put me anywhere."

It was funny the way that kid did hate to seat me on the side. "Mr. Darwood," he began again, pleadingly.

"Run along, son, up to the entrance—you are needed there." He went, but kept looking back.

The orchestra struck up the newest rag—the place was droning like a bee farm, with whispered conversation. The introduction to the "Huntsman" flashed on the screen, the title, the inevitable "Passed by the National Board of Censorship," "Scenario by Willard C. Morton, Directed by Albert Thompson"—then Henriette's snaky smile and—myself. The instantaneous applause was deafening—actually for the moment, I felt downright silly. Of course, I appreciate the fact that the people like me—but I never have been able to get over an uncanny feeling of the unreal, when I see myself living and breathing on the screen.

Then the story quivered into action—flashed on, while I covertly watched the people. There was no doubt of it—Morton had gripped them.

The scene came, where "Harry Leigh" is hurt and deserted in a lonely cabin. I was watching my work here, intensely. Suddenly, I heard a sob on my left, and looked around just in time to see a tear splash down on a little hand. It was—my little girl of the park—dressed in some soft white stuff. I don't believe she had noticed me any more than I had her, until that moment. As our eyes met, her own dilated with horror—or fright—and dislike! I was strangely moved, I felt awkward as a clumsy boy—I couldn't think of a thing that would do to say. I must have smiled, for she turned her head and sat like a statue. I wanted to tell her that I was sorry about the letter—that I was a cad for calling her indecent—oh, diary, how could I have done it!

Her handkerchief dropped between us—she did not see it. I have it here, a tiny piece of exquisite linen, with an "M" embroidered on it. I'd like to know her name (she didn't sign it to the note) as my mother's name was Margaret There is a dim, sweet odor of lilies about the handkerchief.

I lost interest in the film—I wanted to get out of there more than anything in the world. I remember stumbling out during the third reel. I was restless and wretchedly unhappy.

I walked a mile before I went back to the S—where Karsi was waiting. He was asleep at the wheel.

"Mr. Thompson and Mr. Morton are waiting for you inside, sir," he mumbled sleepily, as I shook him.

"Not tonight, Karsi. Straight home."

Now, diary, tell me why a perfectly normal fellow, should have his evening spoiled by seeing a tear splash on a little girl's hand? I suppose I ought to be feeling good, but to shock you a little,—I feel like hell!

Diary, why do you suppose she was crying?

* * * * *

(To be Continued)

Life Is Nothing But a Screen!

If a man die—well, what then?

Does he ever live again—

Quite Near and Yet Unseen?

Does his mental force survive—

Is his entity alive—

All but focused on some screen?

Is he like the rays of light

Illumining the night—

Each ray in order bound?

Will some other screen reveal

Him breathing, living real?

Is he waiting to be found?

If a man die—he is, what?

Stone dead—mind and thought?

Or does he keep on living

Like his voice the records hold,

Vibrant, pulsing, knowing, bold,

Better, newer ideas giving?

Wireless, radium—what were they

In the recent yesterday?

Removed beyond our ken!

Motography and aeroplanes,

Trifling products of his brains—

Pray—can he live again?

THE PASSING OF CHARLES H. HOYT

By OTIS HARLAN

I BELIEVE that no other person in the United States was better acquainted with the late Charles Hoyt, or was taken into his confidence more than I. It is likely that my early associations with Mr. Hoyt, and the fact that when I was twenty-three, I was starring in the Hoyt comedies, may account for this intimate acquaintance.

And yet, when I say intimate, I doubt that any one ever knew Mr. Hoyt well enough to call him "Charlie." He was Mr. Hoyt among his closest personal friends. He had that atmosphere about him. Some men we may call by their Christian names an hour after we meet, and others we may know for years and never feel close enough to them to be on terms of absolute familiarity. And yet, Charles Hoyt was a wonderfully big-hearted man, as you will appreciate before I have completed my little talk.

Now that the Hoyt plays are being produced by the Selig Red Seal Features, and I am starring in the Hoyt comedies in their new interpretation, just as I did on the speaking stage, it seems to me that all of the intervening years have been swept aside, and that I have but recently returned from the silent grave in Charlestown, New Hampshire, where I bid Mr. Hoyt my final farewell.

That this genius was the master of American dramatic comedies is beyond dispute. He produced seventeen plays, which meant seventeen successes. There are playwrights, as well as actors, who were made by a play. By accident, a playwright might produce one success, or two or three. But it is not an accident when he produces seventeen without a single failure.

There was much about the genius of Charles Hoyt that reminds me of the genius of Thomas A. Edison. The electrical wizard invents devices, and Charles Hoyt invented laughs. But another point of similarity is that Mr. Hoyt, like Mr. Edison, was an unremitting worker. When he had produced a play, we would try it out (as is the custom) in a small town. I have often been asked why the producer selects a small town for his test. I am going to tell you why Charles Hoyt pursued this method, and my explanation will also assist in showing you what a very capable worker he was.

By the time the last dress rehearsal was over, before the initial performance, Mr. Hoyt knew every line as well as the members of the cast knew them. He knew every situation, every detail of make-up and costuming, every cue, and every point on the stage where the artists would stand when they delivered each line. Mr. Hoyt would usually secrete himself where he could pick out one or two, or possibly three, persons in the audience so as to study the effect upon them. He would select the types that he felt represented the average American audience. He knew where he had calculated every laugh, and the world knows that the laughs in the Hoyt comedies came unexpectedly—they were not foreshadowed by any obvious methods.

Let us say that you were in this small town audience, and that behind the scenes, or the curtain, or in a box, Mr. Hoyt was watching you to gauge the effects of his play. If a point came where there should have been a laugh, and you did not laugh, Mr. Hoyt would make a mental note of the fact. Before the play would be put on the next night, he would introduce innumerable changes, and some of



Photo by Moffatt, Chicago

these were indeed sudden. He understood the characteristics, the inclinations, the possibilities and the limitations of every player in his company. I have known of instances where he stood back in the wings, and, on the spur of the moment, would whisper some new lines to me. Time after time, these little changes, that were absolutely impromptu, scored the biggest laughs in the show.

It was not necessary for this remarkable playwright to attempt to watch the stage and his audience at the same time, because he knew the stage, and its requirements throughout the play, better



Scenes from the film production of "The Black Sheep"

in a small town, such as "Temperance Town," which was in reality his home—Charlestown, N. H. Although Charlestown was a country village, its inhabitants had produced the material for many of the side-splitting Hoyt comedies. It is in "Temperance Town," by the way, that the Red Seal company is working at this time—and it often seems to me that I am back in Charlestown, and that somewhere just out of sight—still suggesting to me and directing me—is the master producer.

While Charles Hoyt had the undisputed ability to pick out the commonplaces in life and find humor in them, he was a remarkably high type of man. He hobnobbed with members of the great aristocracy of brains. During my early days in his employ, I met such deep thinkers as the late Robert G. Ingersoll, who made a yearly pilgrimage to Charlestown during vacation time, and who enjoyed quiet chats and fishing expeditions with the playwright. There were great doctors, artists, scientists, publicists, and others who were helping do the world's burdensome work—until Charlestown had been graced by many of the mighty of the earth.

Each season's tour was like the triumphant march of Caesar. Journalists, men prominent in public life, and innumerable others, made a Hoyt "first night," one of the special events of their lives. For years, I put in every summer at the Hoyt home. I knew the excellent women that Mr. Hoyt married—for he was married twice—and twice also I acted as pallbearer at the funerals of these wives.

Time passed along, and the seventeenth great success of Charles Hoyt had just been recorded, when the great playwright broke down under the incessant nervous strain. His final days were days of suffering. But as the hours of his earthly career drew to a close, he remembered his friends. Although we all knew that Charles Hoyt was nearing the end, there was a terrific shock when I opened the yellow envelope and read, "Charles Hoyt is dead." He had passed away back in his New Hampshire home. And once more I was a pallbearer, heavy-hearted and sorrowful, following the black hearse that bore the remains of my friend to the little cemetery in Charlestown.

But the bigness of his heart lived far beyond his own earthly years. So far as any records have shown, Mr. Hoyt had no relative in the world at the time of his death. But he bequeathed his Charlestown estate, consisting of his beautiful residence and several acres of parked, restful grounds, to The Lambs, and placed in trust the sum of \$50,000, the interest of which cares for the upkeep of the home. During the fifteen years that have passed since his demise, many broken-down, discouraged and sick actors have found refuge in his heritage, and today several of the former stars of the drama are being eased through the end of their life's span through the beneficence and thoughtfulness of the playwright.

Charles Hoyt amply fulfilled his mission on earth by dispensing laughs to the countless millions. And now the cinematograph is perpetuating the rare humor of the great playwright through the medium of the screen. When you witness these later versions of the Hoyt comedies, just bear in mind that they were the product of the greatest humor-inventing genius the world has ever known—a genius who was one of Nature's genuine noblemen.



—perhaps—than you know the rooms in your own home and the members of your own family. By the end of a week, a Hoyt play would be changed to such a degree that it would perhaps only remotely resemble what it was at the beginning of the test. Even after the play had opened in one of the large cities, or had gone upon the road, Mr. Hoyt would continue to change it until he had extracted out of each of his comedies every possible laugh that it could contain.

While he was perfecting what he had produced, he was working on new plays—and a considerable part of his success lay in his marked ability to see and recognize and portray types. Many of his plays were founded on life



The Lost Chord

By MILDRED WASKA
With Decorations by Herself

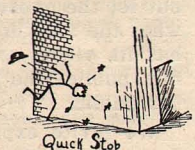
EXTRACTING THE HUMOR MINORS FROM THE TRAGEDY MAJORS

SING a song of six pence, run or we'll be late, we're going to the movies to see the Song of Hate. Whoever invented invisible wire fences ought to invent just one more and then die. And he who makes short cuts across grass plots with invisible wires stretched across them, should not get peeved if the grass comes up to meet "whom." In my hurry to reach the show house, I tripped across the wire drawn between two bushes and slid for first base. Score 1—where, oh where, has the little orphan cab-man gone?

Fence or no fence, I reached the show house just in time to come late for the song. Grand Opera? Not on Sunday nights! Just because a woman couldn't keep a secret, the man said: "I hate yuh, I will never forgive yuh" (just like that). All on account of a spy too. The spy was sent here to get the pattern of the Panama Canal so that another canal could be built just like it between Europe and America for the steamers to have a resting place. All went well until the spy got tangled up with the soldiers. In his hurry to get away, he dropped the pattern and the soldiers picked it up and pursued him.

His name wasn't Diamond Dick either just because they pursued him. He was caught and thrown into prison.

This spy had a sister who sewed shirts for soldiers so that they wouldn't get the seven years' itch, but all she was really needed in the story for, was to own a maid that played an important part. She was in love with the bar-keeper—not the kind they have in saloons, but in jails. The lady in the neighborhood was named Madam LaTosca, was in love with an artist—the one that told her he hated her—and all that. To make a full house, the playwright invited another man to the party,—regular "he vampire." He was so full of meanness that his ears stuck straight out from the pressure. The sister offered the maid some money to have the jail-keeper release the spy. As the maid needed the money for a red fox scarf, she accepted the money and persuaded the jail-keeper to tell the spy to make believe he was a tree and leave. He wore rubber heels and could run fast—and ran till he came to a quick stop in front of a big building and went in, only to meet an old friend of his that he used to match pennies with when they were boys, and told him to hide him, the cops were after him. Nothing but artist's materials around and no place to hide! Happy thought—the tobacco jar! Just in time was he hidden when the pursuers were in the room but the spy was off duty this time. The sister heard about the pursuit and hiding of her brother and sent him a disguise so that he could escape. The artist helped him disguise and



dropped a handkerchief belonging to the sister. Nobody picked it up because it had its part to play. Madam LaTosca arrived with all sails set, discovered the handkerchief, suspected the artist of falsehood. She didn't wait to hail a taxi, but rushed straight over to the home of the artist where she raved at four knots an hour. Jealous thing! But the spy overheard the madam and butted in just in time to prevent the feathers from flying and save a lover's quarrel (so sweet of him). He rent the curtains apart, dashed into the room, struck a romantic pose and said: "Madam, 'twas I that banged the doors and trailed in the mud, have a heart woman and let him be." And the little birds twittered on. Hist! the pursuers—somebody dropped a match! The spy slid down the cellar door and hid among the stringed beans in the garden. Onward marched the tin soldiers into the room to interrupt love's own sweet song. No spy in sight and the clock ticked on. The artist forbid the madam to tell where the spy was hiding and let the "he vampire" and the rest of his tribe do their worst. They did. They strapped the artist into the Morris chair and started giving him the third degree to make him give up the spy. He almost gave up his ghost and madam couldn't stand for that and sent the commander the distress signal. The commander promised to quit abusing the Morris chair if she told and as she didn't want the chair all scratched up, she told. The soldiers went to the bean patch and shot the spy in his hiding place. Next they hauled the soulless spy up to the room where the artist and Madam LaTosca were, just to show the game they bagged. The Song of Hate struck a couple of sour notes when the spy was brought in and the artist told the madam she needn't hang around any longer because she allowed the bean patch to become damaged by the shooting of the spy. But she didn't get any thanks for her information because the commander ordered the dead spy to be taken to his sister's home and the artist to the gallows. That isn't what madam bargained for, and she told the "he vampire" so. If she beat him at a game of checkers, he said he would let the artist go. This time madam wasn't to be outdone. Before the game was started, she insisted upon getting two free passes for the artist and herself, so they could visit Europe and watch the war and catch all the bullets that came their way. Before the game was started, madam became peeved, picked up the cheese knife and stabbed the commander in the parlor. Two candelabras were on the mantel-piece. These she put one on each side of the commander. Maybe he needed a lot of light to show him his way to hereafter.

The maid went to call on the jail-keeper to tell

him that the commander said he needn't pay taxes any longer. She was going to surprise him, but the surprise got ahead of her. Instead of her friend, it was Weary Willie, the wandering wag, with a misplaced eyebrow lodged under his nose. She threw up her hands with a frenzied motion and caught her breath. Where was the umpire? (Watching Lena Rivers playing basket ball). The jail-keeper was shot because he couldn't run fast enough—the bullet overtook him. This made the maid mad. R-r-r-venge! A second-hand revolver was resting at the home of the spy's sister, waiting for the maid to come and take it out for a walk. The sister walked into the room and asked the maid what she was doing. That would be telling. She told the sister that she was only going down to the drug store to exchange a postage stamp. By the time she reached the corner, the sister was after her and kept after her until she followed her to the he-vampire's room. Horrors! There he lay, stretched out like three yards of starvation, with the candelabras on each side of his head lighting the way. Anyway, the maid was glad she didn't have to waste a bullet. While they were at the wake, Madam LaTosca went after the artist, who was given orders to make believe he was dead so the guards would go away. When the madam told the artist that the guards would shoot him with toy pistols, he wouldn't let the guards blindfold him because he wanted to see the sparks fly. Foul ball! Over the fence is out! Six bullets and not a spark on the job. He made a home run. Along came Madam LaTosca swinging the free passes, but why wasn't he glad? Nobody home. When she rolled him over and saw that he was cheated out of seeing the sparks fly, there was nothing left for her to hustle for.

Before she left, she told the guards to go back to the house and see the commander. 'Twas she that did the fiery deed with her little hook and ladder. It was just as she said. The soldiers saw the commander on the floor and took off their hats—I guess it was pretty hot in the room from all the candles—and off they started to arrest Madam LaTosca. But she wanted to beat them to it. The building was high and the jumping was good. Up she went, up, up, up. Just as she was getting ready for a good swift jump, the soldiers saw her, raised their guns—aimed—fired—down she came like a bag of oats—and—the candles still burned on.

Down she came

Mildred Waska

The Disadvantage of Being a Film Hero

By OWEN MOORE

WELL, I'm due for a little rest now that I am back again in little old New York. I certainly put in some hard work out on the Coast playing opposite the adorable "Dot" Gish in Mr. Griffith's film, "Jordan Is a Hard Road." Sir Gilbert Parker, who wrote the story certainly did me a favor, as my part fitted me to a "T." Why "T," I don't know, "A" or "B" would do just as well. In it I portrayed a handsome young Englishman who discovers a real, honest-to-goodness gold mine in the wilds of Canada. (The only gold I discovered in real life was a gold brick!) Well, anyhow, that part is over and I am in the effete East for a couple of weeks' rest, and then more hard work.

The average film fan thinks, it seems, as if the dashing film "hero" had everything his own way. No one seems to realize that as a matter of fact it's the hardest job an actor can take. In the first place, the "hero" must be absolutely correctly dressed. What matinee girl could endure the sight of her idol wearing 1915 shoes with a Louis XV costume? And what sweet young thing of sixteen wouldn't at once withdraw her worship from a man who wore top

boots and a "made" tie? I know of more than one instance where an excellent actor has lost his screen popularity because of carelessness in attire.

But that isn't all. This self-same idol must constantly watch his waist line, which means exercise, diet and then more exercise. The jovial "joy water" must be avoided; if you happen to like chocolates, forget 'em; play tennis, row, swim, bust the bucking bronchos, and then sleep the rest of the time you are not before the camera. Every minute over that you can do as you please! To steal some of Mr. Twain's stuff, an actor who wishes to keep his hard-earned job and popularity must "eat what he doesn't like, drink what he doesn't want, and do what he'd rather not." And then your haircomb—ah, that is something of importance. When you begin to notice more hair in your brush than on your head—zip, quickly you rush to the nearest drug store and spend the money earned by the sweat of your brow on

some evil-smelling liquid guaranteed to grow hair on a pool ball!

Of course these are preliminary matters. When it comes to your actual work before the all-seeing lenses, you must be accomplished in riding, shooting, and everything athletic. You can't do any of your stunts off-stage, either. If there's a burning ship to fall off, you fall off, or resign by request of the all-mighty director. If there's a five-hundred-foot cliff to climb, you climb it, or transfer your ability to another studio. And you must always be graceful and beautiful. No matter if you have just killed a score of wild Indians, and your clothing is torn in shreds, it must be torn gracefully. One funny rip in the seat of your trousers turns the most dashing hero into a low comedian. If your face is covered with blood from your manly encounter, your nose mustn't bleed. And everything else you do must be done as gracefully. One Charlie Chaplin stunt, and you're a goner.

Oh, it's a great life, and a merry one, but why can't we all be fortunate and become ribbon-counter clerks?

On The Editorial Screen

MOVIE PICTORIAL

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*"They copied all they could follow, but they
Couldn't copy my mind,
And I left 'em sweating and stealing
A year and a half behind."*

—Rudyard Kipling.

The Dollar Movies

They are getting thicker than gnats—these dollar movies. But, alas! Are they to be preferred to ten dime shows? We inquire. We ask, also, what makes the dollar movie worth a dollar. Is it the orchestra—or a soloist or two—or a superior programme?

So long as the dollar producers grind out their stuff at jitney speed, the dollar play is a matter of dispute. If speed is the criterion, then why pay ninety cents for the surroundings? Is it logical?

And besides, why pay a dollar on Michigan boulevard when the very next week the same programme may be seen on Madison street for a quarter, and a month later in the outlying theaters for a dime, or fifteen cents at the most?

There may be a reasonable answer to this dollar query, but we suspect that, up to the present moment, it has not been given.

Censoring Out Sequence

Of times, when you can't just catch the drift of a film, the answer lies with the censors. They cut, slash and condemn with fine abandon, but not always with a view to sequential action. Some of the scenes they cut are necessary to the continuity of the story, even though they won't admit it.

Censorship is a job, not an art. A certain number of reels must be unwound each day—and their judgment snaps like the key of a telegraph instrument. Judgment was never built to come to such sudden decisions—and especially when the plays censored have been produced at great expense, and with infinite care.

Nor is that all: What offends in one play, remains in another. Censorship has no rules. It has impulses—and impulses are hazardous. But impulse still reigns, and impulse is always a poor substitute for judgment.

After the cut-and-slash process in one city, it has to be gone through anew in another city.

The National Board of Censors is an organization maintained by the film companies—whereas a real national board, supported by the various cities and commonwealths, would centralize the business of censoring, and would, at least, give us more sequential plays, and less guessing.

Police power over pictures is very fine. We endorse it heartily, but only on the basis of extending the same supervision to all things, dramatic and other, so long as they may have to do with the public.

Up to the present, films have not been regarded as akin to the press, where liberty and even license are permitted. But we ask if the films are not reflections of the press, and if some regulation can not be arrived at that will give uniformity of results, rather than a variety of dismembered films that fall short of portraying the story they set out to portray.

Animal Films

One of the most delightful contributions to the screen has been that brand of feature known as the animal film. Just as it is entertaining, this species of film is difficult to produce, because wild animals are not naturally actors, and their limitations demand the greatest art in production.

Few of the studios are equipped for genuine animal films, but those few have produced exceptionally interesting features. Like the circus, the animal play is attended by grown-ups who wish to give the children a treat!

The studio editors of these zoo companies tell us that it is most difficult to secure good animal scenarios, first because there are so few places to make a sale, and second because the writers seem to think that the animals can do anything, or the actors can take any kind of chance. Many of the scenarios demand the killing of valuable specimens, which is a rather costly sort of thrill, and not especially entertaining. Others expect the human actors to risk their necks, because some writers have told about old, decrepit, kittenish lions and tigers. But a lion is a lion, and a tiger is a tiger, and so long as the tamest are alive, they retain their natural destructive tendencies.

The animal film has not had its day; it is just coming into prominence, and it is a great diversion from the ten-twenty-three melodramas.

Quality vs. Quantity

Probably, the film industry has attained its maximum production. The studios have rushed night and day to supply the tremendous demand for plays. This rushing has not conducted to the better plays—and the gap that has been left has been filled too frequently with plays of inferior merit.

The film business has become a mill, and into the hopper have been poured scenarios of hackneyed plot, and over-worked actors and actresses. We read continuously about nervous breakdowns on the part of our beloved stars. And we see upon the screen too many jerky, disconnected, meaningless plays. We see, also, too many fine three-reelers stretched into doubtful five-reelers, and we suffer through the poor plays in hope of viewing the better plays.

If the various film companies did not produce plays of high merit, we might excuse the other plays on the theory of pioneering. But there are many plays of superior merit, and so long as we have the example of value before us, are we not entitled to complain about lack of value?

The film business is still so new, we grant that it has not "found itself," but it must find itself soon. Its patronage is too great to take chances with—and only good plays, gripping, meritorious plays will suffice.

The Star and the Vehicle

We feel that many liberties are being taken with our favored stars of the screen. We fancy at times that their talent is being sacrificed by this mad rush of production.

Great as the art of a star may be, there are limitations in the plays beyond which no talent or fame can travel safely. The artist may not always admit the value of the vehicle, and yet the medium through which art expresses itself, must necessarily affect that art.

One might think that ten or a dozen features yearly would be sufficient for any star, but we find many of them in twice this number, and the majority of the plays are not calculated to show their talents to the greatest advantage. It is true that all plays do not proclaim their merit, even in scenario form, but there were means of foretelling in the speaking drama, and there must be gauges in the silent drama.

Too many great favorites are being placed in jeopardy, and it seems needless, and wasteful, and almost criminal. Perhaps the stars themselves will some day have something to say about it.

The Problem Play

One of the worst things that the film industry could do for itself is answered by the problem play, with its "No Children Admitted" sign, challenging every childish mind wherever it is displayed.

The majority of these problem plays are founded on sex problems, and they deal with questions of immorality. To some, they may appeal through their expressions of lust. But to the majority—and to parents particularly—they can have but scant appeal.

Admitting no children, a theater at once bars a considerable part of its patronage. At the same time, the theatre suggests that it is more or less pandering. It is hoping to stimulate trade through the expression of the worst in human nature.

All of this may read as rather a puritanical tirade, but let the question be put to public vote, and see what the answer amounts to. MOVIE PICTORIAL has its views, and these views consider the great film public—the little public quite as much as the big public.

We invite expressions of opinion, from parents, from the childless, from the film companies, from exhibitors, from patrons of the screen generally. We should like to know just what people think of these problem plays, and particularly of the sex plays, and the "No Children Admitted" signs.

Address communications to the Editor of MOVIE PICTORIAL, Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill. If you do not wish your name used, ask that initial only be used. We really wish to know what you think about the problem play.

Wanted—More Comedies

Slap-stick comedy is not necessarily reprehensible. It is amusing sometimes to watch the spreading effect of a new blueberry pie as it volplanes upon the features of a screen comedian. And we grant the hilarity of the actor who makes the corners on one foot, suggesting a skidding motion.

There is room, also, for another kind of comedy—one filled with humorous situations—one in which it is not necessary to break furniture and destroy features.

Comedy is as scarce as dodo eggs. It seems to be one of the lost arts, but the public is ever ready to respond to a laugh, even though the funny titles alone supply the mirth.

It is a great deal easier to laugh than it is to weep. We get sufficient weeps in the ordinary course of events, without requiring them on the screen to the exclusion of all else. Sometimes we extract weeps out of what purports to be comedy.

Comedians are plentiful, but humorists are scarce. Many folk can say funny things, but saying is not sufficient for film demands. Words count little there, and actions count most of all.

The world needs more comedy—and the better comedy it is, the more readily and warmly will the public respond—even though it must still be faithful to the catapulted pie and the big shoes.



Tradelasts

Send Your Tradelasts?

We are pleased that we have a few real good healthy "knocks" in this issue. Our Tradelasts are meeting the favor of film fans. We could tell a good many ourselves but we like to leave this part to our readers.

We have five one-dollar prizes to pay each issue, although all Tradelast letters that we deem worth while, whether boosting or knocking, will find space in this popular and growing department. Tell all the good things and bad things about your theatre. If you think it should be praised, praise it—and if there is anything to criticize about it, be free with your criticism. If you don't wish your name published, just merely state that we are to use initials only. We don't want to get you into an altercation with your exhibitor, but we hope that you will see that your exhibitor gets a copy in which will be found either the praise or the criticism. Consider the music, the programmes, the seating, ventilation, audiences, and everything else pertaining to the photoplay theatre. Address your communication to Tradelast Editor, MOVIE PICTORIAL, Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

Here's One for Ourselves

Omaha, Neb.
Talk about your covers for magazines—if you can beat the last MOVIE PICTORIAL just try and do it! It was a dandy. Not only the picture took the fans, but the autograph with the picture. Although you may not hear from others along this line, through this letter I am going to speak for the others as well as myself. To say that I enjoy the MOVIE PICTORIAL would be saying it in a tame way; but to say that I thoroughly enjoy it would probably be what I want to say.

Do you intend to continue to have pictures of photoplays stars on the cover, with their autograph? If you knew how they are received when they are printed in this manner, you would continue to do so. Just play fan for awhile, mingle with the fans, find their likes and dislikes, and you will find that the fans will go for any publication that will publish autograph photographs. What do you say? I trust that you will continue to do same, as it will mean new boosters for you where no other method would get you a following. May I make a few requests for autographed photographs that I would like to see on your covers? They are: Miss Lillian Drew of Essanay, Helen Holmes, and the Misses Ethel Clayton and Ormi Hawley of Lubin. Asking too much? Hope not.

Here's wishes for continued success to MOVIE PICTORIAL with more autographed photograph covers.
Yours very truly,
P. V. C.

Here's a Sound Suggestion

Berkeley, Calif.
I would suggest for the advancement of moving pictures that each house have certain days of the week for people of different ages. For instance, having fairy stories, animal life, etc., for children Saturday afternoon. I have heard many mothers say "I do not like to have my children see shooting, robbers at work," etc. All young people like melodrama. As they give the greatest patronage to picture shows, let them have the extra nights, exhibiting pictures of love and life, etc. Then, for the older people, have educational pictures, such as travels, animals at work and play, foreign scenes, etc.

(Signed) Mrs. Neva L. Folger.

Let's Lynch The Manager!

Waukegan, Ill.
I am very glad your magazine has reserved a space for poor, abused theatre patrons to voice their woes. In my town there is a theatre so rank it is a wonder it can exist. The lighting is so poor, I should say there is no light during a picture. Persons entering have to feel their way from one row to another, until you come to an empty seat; the seats are the kind that fly up against the back unless someone sits on them, so when people leave during the show, it makes an extremely pleasing accompaniment. The place reeks with garlic. There are no fans—the only air coming from the rear and front exits; the operator goes so fast, the persons acting dash about so jerky it makes the best drama absurd. It is very evident that the manager is in it for purely financial reasons, as he takes any films that come his way. Some of them are so ragged they have to be pieced every few feet. I am so sick of seeing "101" Bison films and those old, old ones of Charley Chaplin and Mabel Normand. The curtain has a patch on one side which gives a weird look to the faces of persons who chance to be on that spot. The piano-player plays on a tin-pan piano, and no matter what the picture is, he plays ragtime melodies through the most solemn scenes. They stop the pictures every hour and we sit through ten minutes of heart-breaking singing in a nasal key.
(Signed) Winifred Walters.

This Must be a Different Waukegan Theatre!

Waukegan, Ill.
My theatre is, I think, very nearly ideal. The manager is a conscientious worker who aims to please the patrons. His programme for each week is carefully selected from the various companies. On Tuesday and Friday of each week we have Paramount films of Lasky, Morosco or Famous Players, preceded usually by a Vitagraph two-reel comedy; on Thursday the Paramount travelogue, the Hearst-Selig Weekly and a William Fox or World Film feature; Wednesday we see Charley Chaplin and a Broadway

"THINGS ABOUT MY THEATRE I LIKE AND DISLIKE"

Conducted By Our Readers

Star feature; Saturday and Sunday, being the days of the greatest crowds varying in taste, the pictures are mostly of one or two or three reels in length, all of different companies. Monday we see a popular serial, together with a Sennett comedy and a Western film. On Saturday morning an hour's free performance is given of children's films, which protects us from the mobs of children who would otherwise go with their parents and spoil our dramas by ridiculous queries.

The theatre has just been re-tinted, and a new ventilation system installed. The music is perfect—there is a \$3,000 Bartola pipe-organ, and the player is certainly an artist. Everyone receives the most courteous treatment and everything possible is done to please.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Edythe Vivian.

Pueblo Papers Please Copy!

Pueblo, Colo.
The Grand Opera House of Pueblo has been operating as a picture house for two years. It is large and commodious; the seats are roomy and comfortable, the pictures are nearly always good and the programmes properly varied, the management insists upon courteous treatment to all patrons, and the prices are so low that every show is a genuine bargain. Ventilation is as nearly perfect as it is possible to make it.

With all these advantages, you ask—what is the kick? And I answer, with my soul in my voice—the music!

For we have one of those Satanic inventions known as the "Fotoplayer." It is operated by electricity and a shock-headed young man with spectacles. It plays popular ragtime and alleged classics with neither partiality nor compunction. We have heard the Normandy apple blossoms bloom so often that apples are a drug on the market. When the Toreador song is inflicted upon us we bear it as a dog bears fleas—we can't help ourselves. If the manager will remove that mechanical monstrosity and substitute a ten-dollar-a-week piano player of the human variety, he will earn the undying gratitude of a rather large clientele. We don't care if she does chew gum.

Yours for real music,
Doggone that canned music, anyway!
A. W. S.

Not A Howling Success

Burlingame, Calif.
One night upon arriving at the picture house of our town, I seated myself in a rear seat. Next to me were two empty seats. Very soon a man came in accompanied by a dog. He put the dog on one of the seats near me, and then he occupied the other. The dog wouldn't sit still and very soon it was on the floor, crawling around my feet and scratching fleas. It was very annoying to me and took my thoughts from the picture, thereby spoiling my enjoyment of the evening.

In regards to the other merits of this photoplay house, I am very well pleased, as we have a very good manager, good pictures and very good music.
(Signed) Miss Isabella Bissett.

Tune Up, St. Charles!

St. Louis, Mo.
The St. Charles Theatre on St. Charles St., between Broadway and Sixth Street, show first-run pictures on General Film programme. They have a comfortable Ladies' rest room, ventilation is good, also exits. Ticket dispenser and receiver both good, ushers o. k. seats comfortable—all spoiled by a three-piece orchestra. The violinist is good, pianist has bad ears and is a poor timekeeper, and the drummer would probably be all right if the pianist would keep quiet. I went in to see "Guilt," a three-reel Kalem release. The picture was fine, but the music run me out before seeing half the picture. The management is all that could be asked, but probably hasn't much ear for music, and patrons like myself dislike telling him.
A Would-Be Patron.

The Lyric Nearly O. K.

St. Louis, Mo.
The Lyric, at Sixth and Pine Streets, is my favorite theatre. There are rest rooms for both men and women, equipped with free 'phones and all accommodations. The ventilation is first-class, cooled by iced air and heated with hot air. The attendants are accommodating, and the ushers remember patrons and seat them as near as possible in favorite seats. Daily policy appropriate for down-town district. Show first-run pictures of all leading film companies; seven-piece orchestra furnishes appropriate music for each picture. They show too many Weeklies and comedies, more especially farces. But their suitable music makes the Weeklies interesting and the comedies possible.
A Patron.

A Bouquet for the Biograph

Chicago, Ill.
My favorite movie theatre! I attend it three or four times each week and feel it deserves the highest praise (but not because I am a patron). Like all theatres, there is some fault to find with the Biograph—such as poor ventilation in the lobby. The electric fans stand in their corner with frowning faces and calm as you please, looking as if they had never known what it is to work, while the poor, foolish individuals are gasping for air, waiting for the next show. After handing over my two jitneys to the little blond, I joined this throng. But our troubles are soon forgotten after we enter the theatre for the wonderful music quiets our hammering nerves and the "first-run" pictures are sure to please. The seats are comfortable enough for us to be willing to see the pictures a second time. And, above all things, the only "ads" are the coming attractions flashed on the screen. Unlike other theatres, instead of "rushing" the last show, we are given an extra picture, and there is no

excuse for missing a "special feature," for we always receive a programme. As Miss Waska says, we usually see Theda Bara or some other favorite in several "parts," but of course that is not the manager's fault, so we leave the theatre feeling our dime has been well spent.
(Signed) Edna Povenz.

Only One Projecting Machine

Kansas City, Mo.
There is a theatre in our neighborhood that seats 800 persons, and yet the exhibitor has just one projecting machine, and between every reel he shows a number of advertising slides. You can imagine how annoying a thing of this kind is when a feature is being projected. Don't you think the patrons of a theatre of this size are entitled to proper equipment?
N. L. B.

We award one of our dollar prizes to N. L. B. because we think that one of the greatest nuisances is where one pays a dime for a two-cylinder show and gets one-cylinder service.

The Double Admission Price

Oklahoma City, Okla.
There is a theatre that I attend regularly that charges ten cents for adults and five cents for children, and fully a third of the capacity of the house is occupied by noisy, whistling, stamping, unruly children. The plays themselves are undoubtedly for adults. Why would it not be possible to either give the children something they understand—give special performances for them—or have a standard price without respect to age?
B. K. R.

While the films are undoubtedly as much for children as for adults, it is beyond question that the double admission price very often deprives the adult patrons of a large share of their legitimate enjoyment. We award B. K. R. one of the prizes.

Old Releases—Top Prices

Baltimore, Md.
A picture theatre in our neighborhood, with a seating capacity of about 1,000, and charging ten cents, and often fifteen cents, makes up at least two-thirds of its programme from old releases. Many of these pictures I saw two and three years ago, and the films were in such bad shape, the projection is wearisome to one's eyes. Yet the exhibitor shows only five reels and gives four shows in an evening. I understand that a new theatre is to be put up in the neighborhood in competition and will run only recent releases.
Yours truly,
B. L. W.

We award B. L. W. another of our dollar prizes. The exhibitor who gets a good price and who shows only the oldest and cheapest films deserves competition that will wake him up to his duty.

The Butcher Boy

Minneapolis, Minn.
My favorite theatre is perfect in all but one respect, and that is the boy who sells "chocolates, bonbons and chewing gum." He plys his trade throughout the evening much to the annoyance of the patrons. I understand that most of the profit goes to the theatre, and yet this profit could be only two or three dollars an evening. I am sure that it drives away several times that amount in patronage. Don't you think that this is an undeniable nuisance?
Yours truly,
Charles H. M.

We agree sufficiently with Charles H. M. to award him one of our prizes. Any exhibitor who will panhandle his audience at the expense of their annoyance deserves no consideration or pity.

The Exhibitor's Favorite Family

Memphis, Tenn.
There is just one complaint that I have to make about our neighborhood theatre, and yet I think it is a complaint sufficiently serious to warrant consideration. No fault could be found with the films themselves, or with the theatre. The exhibitor, however, has quite a large family and many small children. Practically every night these children are permitted to romp around the aisles, play tag, and make a general nuisance of themselves. I feel that this is not warranted and that it detracts more from the theatre than any other single cause. I very often go out of my way to another playhouse where I can escape this nuisance. The exhibitor, however, seems to think that his family should be favored over the public, although I know many of the patrons object to it strenuously.
Yours sincerely,
P. R. M.

We agree with P. R. M. and award her one of the prizes. Where an exhibitor permits any member of his family to annoy the patrons of his theatre, his commercial idea needs considerable revamping. Unless the members of the family are as well-behaved as the average patron, it would be well to bar them from the privileges and pleasures of the theatre. The exhibitor is supposed to consider the public. It is from the public that he secures his patronage and his profit. If he can not take the public unto his heart sufficiently to think of them first, he surely merits a loss of patronage.

REALISM IN THE MOVIES

A Department for the Discussion of Films Possessing or Lacking Realism

Conducted by Our Readers

Your help toward the accomplishment aimed at by this department is requested. Send in your criticisms. Do not hesitate. Join your efforts with ours. A prize of \$5.00 is given each month to the contributor of the criticism deemed most worthy, be it either for or against the film. Address all communications to the Realism editor.

TRY to hold your Realism letters down in length. We receive some very good ones, but can not publish them because they will take up at least a column, and it is variety that we want.

Look for the incongruities in the films. Remember that the letter we judge best brings the \$5 prize. These Realism letters are not intended as harsh and cruel criticisms, but really as helpful suggestions to the film companies. No one in the world is more anxious to have everything perfect than the film manufacturers, and no other art requires so much watching as the producing of photoplays. We hope the day will come when it will be difficult to find incongruities; but up to that time, let us enjoy the sport.

Address all letters to Realism Editor, MOVIE PICTORIAL, Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

Not Even Any Flies

Cleveland, Ohio.
In "The Heritage," in which Ella Hall stars, her neighbor from across the hall borrows a cup of sugar and spills it in the hall at the top of the stairs. In the next scene, which is supposed to be eight years after, some of the sugar still remains. Is it possible that this hall was not supposed to have been swept for eight years?

(Signed) Mrs. J. Parks.

Afford or Not a Ford?

Fall River, Mass.
In "Mortmain," a Vitaphone release, "Jimmie" Morrison was persuaded by two of his friends to enter a five-passenger car and dine with them. The five-passenger arrived at its destination and lo, it was no longer a five-passenger car but a cute little runabout. Perhaps it was bashful and shrinking by nature. What say you?

Yours for realism, N. G.

Those Fillum "Sisters"

Toledo, Ohio.
I noticed in "The Sins of the Mothers," showing Anita Stewart as a convent-school girl, this: When her mother calls at the office of the school, a "sister," standing in the background holding a bunch of large keys, at a word from the "Superior," departs and returns with Anita. What were the keys for? To convey the impression that the school girls are locked up? Some one has been misinformed.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) Helen Fellers.

P. S.—This issue of MOVIE PICTORIAL is the first I have read and I want to say that the magazine strikes my fancy easier than it's name.

See how impartial we are? We publish even a knock on our name! Oh, so impartial.

Doxology With the Brakes On

Duluth, Minn.
Science teaches us that sight-waves travel faster than sound-waves. I once watched the erection of a frame building in the next block and saw the hammers strike several seconds before hearing the taps each time. I was comically reminded of the incident at the movies recently. The film—"The Rosary"—was shown at a photoplay house which prides itself on its twelve-piece orchestra. In a prominent close-up, Kathryn Williams was seated at the pipe-organ in the chapel. Her fingers strayed over the keys—absolute silence reigned in the orchestra pit. Kathryn's hands left the organ, she turned away, and lo—the strains of the "Doxology" welled up from the orchestra! "Some" echo, wasn't it?

N. H.

We'll Bet You're Right!

Here is a sequel to K. M. M.'s "Fore-sighted Vivian." Overheard at "The Diamond from the Sky."

Miss Blab: "Why, where did she get the dinner gown?"

Miss Gab: "She took her suit-case along on the launch, of course!"

Presumably, John Powell's yacht was equipped with a dry-cleaning department for the resurrection of wardrobes rescued from submersion.

N. H.

The \$5 Prize Winner The Rigors of Comfort!

Pueblo, Colo.
In that masterpiece, "The Two Orphans," I am able to detect but one pronounced inconsistency. In the snow scene before the church, Miss Sothern, as the blind girl, takes up considerable time with the crippled boy and Mother Frochert. The impression is that fully an hour is spent in the place. Miss

Sothern is dressed in the thinnest rags imaginable, and her head and arms are bare. Her clothes are full of rents. In spite of this, however, the bitter cold and raging blizzard have no visible effect on her. Not a single shiver does she register. Her eyes continue to gaze upward in mute appeal. She doesn't draw her rags about her, blow on her fingers, stamp her feet or in any other way indicate that a fire would come in handy. Once it is true, she tells the crippled boy that she is "cold," but her actions belie the assertion. It strikes me that there is a woeful absence of realism in the scene. The properties are all there, but the "business" is not convincing.

(Signed) A. W. Stone.

"December and May"

Louisville, Ky.
A windstorm forced me into our swell-est movie house (The Mary Anderson) at an hour I was expected home to dinner. Did not know "The White Sister" was on, and worse still, had never read the book; therefore was worse than informed! However, I immediately recognized the superb Viola Allen and her "son" (?), Richard Travers (at least it looked that way to me, for such disparity in ages—a matured woman and a youthful hero!) Imagine my surprise when, as the play developed, I discovered they were lovers! Can't she find an actor that has passed as many milestones as she?

(Signed) Sue G. Moore.

Well, Dick Travers couldn't help it, really! And Viola couldn't help it! But the Essanay—ah, the Essanay!

"Passed by the Board of Censors"

"Passed by the Board of Censors" boldly announced on the screen—especially after risque scenes of various releases, often makes me wonder if the censor (supposedly refined and intelligent) had not literally "passed by" head down, eyes closed and not once viewed nor even knew of the movie in question.

Why not "cut out" screen chatter, for we naturally take for granted the show will not offend? Therefore, either let the movie house be its own guarantee of clean releases, or else, if the "Passed by Board of Censors" statement is persisted in and bound to be flashed on the screen, then see that the Censors are not blind!

(Signed) Sue G. Moore.

The National Board of Censors is maintained by the film companies. What passes them might be—well, prejudiced in their own favor!

Those Studio Wardrobes

San Francisco, Cal.
In the play entitled "The Million Dollar Baby," I noticed two very bad errors. First, the doctor enters nursery and writes "March 10" on the mirror, then exits. He is shown leaving the nursery, and going out of house altogether. Later, however, the master of the house finds a note in his library written by the doctor. How did that note get on the table when the doctor was seen only in the nursery, and left by a door in that room which led right to the street?

Second, the secretary in the same play receives a telegram saying he has inherited a fortune. The detective, seeing him leave the house, chases him and brings him back, thinking he knows where the lost child is. The secretary then explains, and both the detective and secretary leave the room. The next scene, supposed to be the next day, shows the secretary in his room, and nothing more is said about his fortune, neither does it say whether or not he left the room the night before to go see about the money. Do you suppose a man ordinarily would neglect a fortune in that manner?

I also wish to speak about two faults in the play entitled "The Kiss of Dishonor." When the minister brings the little girl home, his wife has on a black silk dress. Several years later, when the girl is married, and is on the porch with her baby, the minister's wife comes out with the same silk dress on. It's hardly possible the material would last so long and still look presentable! Another fault in the same play occurred as follows: When the girl had married, her husband was very wealthy; and yet, when she returned home to the minister's house, she had on the same hat and suit that she wore when they eloped. This seems absurd if her husband was wealthy.

(Signed) Miss Frances Wilson.

Fleeting Titles

Middletown, Conn.
There is an unpleasant feeling sometimes, in some films, that the average reader isn't given enough time to read the letters and titles on the screen. Before half the words are read, the next scene is flashed on the screen. Now, Mr. Realism Editor, can you tell us whose fault it is? Is it because the machine operator runs it too fast, or is it because the film is not long enough—or both?

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) Leiberato F. Roccapriore.

The fault is in the "title room" at the film plant—not with the projecting machine operator. An insufficient number of feet of title film often spoil a picture.

The Broken Coin May Have Been Counterfeit!

Atlanta, Ga.
This may not be much of a criticism, still it does show up one point that seemed unreal to me. As much as I hate to criticize that very wonderful, thrilling and interesting picture, "The Broken Coin," I suppose I must do my duty.

When the army of Grahaffen had broken into King Michael's palace and they were on the outside of the door pushing to get in and King Michael's army pushing to keep them out, every one's clothing was torn and tattered (which was very real and natural), and every one's hair was tousled and straining down in their faces, while their features were covered with dirt. Now for the unreal thing: Kitty Grey was fighting and pushing just as hard as any man there, but her face was clean, her hair was tightly done up and was very slick and smooth—not a strand was out of place. Do you think yours would be so (if you had long hair) after you had been to war for several days? Well, maybe so, but I know mine wouldn't.

Another one. As Count Sachio came through the place where dead men were lying all around, there were two men hanging from the broken place in the wall and one was hanging very far out. His knees only were on the other side of the opening. Now when Roleau came through immediately after Count Sachio, this man was not half so far out of the opening, only his waist, head and shoulders were out. If he was alive enough to move that much, why wasn't he taken up with the wounded? Poor actor! I guess those rocks (if they were real) were hurting his back.

Sincerely, a Movie Fan.

(Signed) Beverly Dinsmore.

Well, Miss Schaefer, This Is Callin' 'Em Good!

Toledo, Ohio.
In a picture I recently saw, the name of which I have forgotten, the fatigued stranger stopped and asked the housewife for a glass of water. The good woman went into the house and poured some water into a glass, but when she handed it to the stranger, it was in a tin-cup.

Please tell me the name of the tonic that grew hair on the old nigger's bald head in "An Unwilling Thief." The old nigger servant had a bald head in the beginning of the play, but twelve years later he had a heavy head of snow-white hair. How was it done?

In "The Blood Seedling," the farmer, being a very prosperous man, had to wear the same hat twenty-five years later.

In "From Out the Big Snows," the half-breed stuck the revolver up side of his enemy and pulled the trigger. The muzzle of the weapon pointed skyward at least eight inches above the man's body, but he was very accommodating and rolled over, helpless.

Yours truly,

(Signed) Helen Schaefer.

All Right for Spotless Town

Birmingham, Ala.
Quite recently I saw Mary Pickford in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," and to me the play lost quite a good bit owing to the fact that "Dandy," in making his escape through an unused chimney, came out on the roof of the building without even a smudge on his nose. Within a very few minutes two policemen went through the old unused chimney (in what was supposed to be a very old part of London) and they came out without even a speck of dust on their coats or hats!

Yours for realism,

C. K. Mighty suspicious for London!

We Suspect the Shadow Wasn't on the Level

Los Angeles, Cal.
Selig's "Rosary" has in it one of the quaintest bits of humor it has been my privilege to enjoy. It is late at night, and the young priest has just come out of the chapel. He closes the door, walks a few steps, turns around and then, wonder of wonders, the shadow of a cross steals quickly over the door. A moment later the camera is taken back fifty feet. Then we see that the cross is in the churchyard, the moon is in the heavens and the shadow steals swiftly onward. Symbolism, you say—well, perhaps. But I can not help remembering that I have seen the moon a few times and some shadows, too, but I never yet have seen them act so strangely.

Yours truly,

(Signed) Glenn H. Wichman.

Raymond Is Careless at Times

Missoula, Montana.
In "The Ringtailed Rhinoceros," Raymond Hitchcock escapes from the pirates by swimming to shore. He climbed over the stone wall and steps on another pirate's head. Hitchcock hasn't any hat and his clothes are wet. After stepping on the pirate, he is chased through the garden to where the Prince is. When he gets there his clothes are perfectly dry and he has a hat on. The Prince takes Hitchcock to the palace where he reads a sign stating the Princess will weep until the "rhino" is killed. His clothes are clean and when he enters the palace his clothes are as dirty as can be. When he comes out again they are clean. Where did he get his hat, how did he get his clothes dry so quick, and how could his clothes get so dirty and then clean again by just going in and out of the palace?

Most sincerely,

(Signed) Laura Marie Trainor.

Honest, Steve, We Aren't Up on Banjos or Airedales!

Philadelphia, Pa.
One moment, please!
In your issue dated September, a Miss M. E. Fitzpatrick, of Montgomery, Alabama, takes exception to some Civil War stuff from "Dan," which she states is a photoplay of life during that period. In your note at bottom of her letter, you state: "We don't see any of these inconsistencies in 'The Birth of a Nation.'" Both Mr. Griffith, the producer, and Mr. Walthall, the lead, are Southerners.

Am I right? Yes. Did you see "The Birth of a Nation"? Yes? Then perhaps you noticed Mr. George Seigman in one or two scenes throttling a dog, to show his cruel disposition, etc. You saw it? Did you also notice it was an airedale terrier? And do you know that it was long after the days of the Civil War that airedales first made their appearance in America? And is that an inconsistency or not?

It is also worthy of comment that nurses are not engaged in military hospitals or others on account of their proficiency as banjo players—but because of their nursing ability. Lillian Gish, although a Northern girl in a Northern hospital, is shown wandering around the hospital playing a banjo in this same picture. An instrument not affected by Northerners, nurses, nor white folks at that time!

Thus do I try for your five-case note—even though I court death by criticizing "both Mr. Griffith, the producer, and Mr. Walthall, the lead, (who) are Southerners!"

Cheerfully yours,

(Signed) Steve Talbot.

E. W. W., Here's a Forgiving Spirit

Cleveland, Ohio.
In reading over the criticisms in the September issue, E. W. W. certainly has exposed a number of mistakes I went to see this play, "Greater Love Hath No Man," and although I saw a great many mistakes, the theme of the play was so good, why spoil it all by being too critical? In the fire scene where E. W. W. states that the heroine poses, what if she did? Let us think that she ran in front of the camera too soon. It would be more charitable. In the scene where the heroine waits at the bridge, everything is as E. W. W. states, and where it shows the hero, a storm is raging. I took this to mean (and I think the author meant it to be understood) this was the tempest that was raging in his soul—the fight that was going on within himself as to whether he should take the girl with him or go away alone, which he eventually does when he has finished his prayer for guidance.

Mrs. A. J. S.

Love vs Literature

(Continued from page 11)

his word. He was a relentless time-keeper. Four hours a day was all he would grant her and precisely at the moment when the time had expired he appeared upon the scene and carried her off, sometimes for a romp over the hills, sometimes for a gallop, sometimes for a long boat-ride on the river. And she had made a most astonishing discovery. In those four hours of systematic work each day she accomplished far more than she had formerly done in twice that time. How easy it was, too, to work out of doors, in the soft summer air, with flowers blooming in the hedges, birds singing in the trees and Larry always watching, waiting and loving her!

Finally the day came when the last word was written. The copy was made and the manuscript sent on its way rejoicing. That evening as they sat on the porch Larry laughed suddenly.

"Here's where I shine," he remarked. "Do you know what we're going to do next week?"

"No. What?"

"We're going abroad."

"Next week? Oh, Larry!"

"What's the trouble now?"

"Can't we wait till—till we hear about the book?"

Ainslie was human. His patience had already been strained to the limit. He sprang to his feet. That abominable book! Was it to stand between them forever? Well, not if he knew it! It was worse than Banquo's ghost.

"Now, look here, Gracia," he said. "Haven't I been a patient and long-suffering husband for about three months?"

"You've been everything that's—that's dear, Larry," she answered. "You—You've been a thousand different kinds of an angel!"

"Well, then. Don't I get any wedding trip,—any honeymoon?"

"Oh, Larry,—knowing that my book is accepted would be better than a honeymoon!"

"Oh, would it?" he retorted. "What do you know about it? You never had a honeymoon."

"I know it, but—" At the expression in his eyes she broke off suddenly. "I love you, Larry—"

"But not as well as you love the book."

He turned shortly on his heel and went into the house. She sat quite still where he had left her, absolutely stunned. Was it true—what he had said? Did she care more for the book than for Larry? No! A thousand times, no! He couldn't,—he must not think that! She wouldn't let him! She flew into the house after him calling,

"Larry! Larry dear! Where are you?"

But Larry's soul was too sunny to remain long under a cloud. He had recovered already and was on his way back to her when he heard her voice. In the dusk of the hall they ran into each other.

"Here, Girl. Come here. Are you crying, Gracia? Don't! Forgive me, won't you? I was a beast."

"You weren't. Oh, Larry,—I don't care about the book. I don't want to wait. I'll go with you anywhere,—any time. I'll do anything you want me to, dear,—anything. Only don't be cross, Larry! Please!"

He held her long in his arms without answering and when he did speak his voice was not very steady.

"How long will it be until you hear, sweetheart?"

"Oh, I don't know," indifferently, "I don't care."

"But, how long ought it to be?" he insisted.

"Two weeks, I think. Three, at most."

"We'll wait, Girl."

But in less than ten days the news came. The publishers had read the manuscript. They were pleased to accept it. It was too late, however, to place it upon the Autumn list. It would have to go over till Spring. In fact, it was their advice that it should not be brought out until time for the Christmas trade next year. They paid royalties twice a year, February and June. Would she kindly sign and return the enclosed contract?

Ainslie tried hard not to laugh when she gave him the letter to read but the effort was too much for him. A year and half before she would know whether her book was a success!

"Come on, kitten," he laughed. "Have a honeymoon with me while you wait! We'll have time to go to the North Pole and back before you become famous!"

So they set forth on their way. Along the beaten paths of Europe and into the unbeaten paths of Asia, out of the occident into the orient they went wherever they willed. Travel to Ainslie was an old story. But to her it was a fairy-like existence, often too like a dream to be wholly real, yet too real to be wholly a dream. Far away from her troubles and her memories she bloomed like a rose and to her husband's undisguised delight just gave herself up to the joy of living with all the ardor of a child. They stopped wherever they wished, stayed as long as they pleased, went on when they were ready, and more than a year had gone by when they stood one morning on the deck of the *Empress of China* and saw the Golden Gate of San Francisco in the distance.

After the landing they went to the hotel and while Gracia rested Ainslie wandered down into the lobby. The first thing he saw was a copy of the book lying on the news stand. He flew back to her with it and was absolutely nonplussed at her reception of it. She turned over a few of the pages idly and then laid it down on the table.

"They got it up rather nicely after all, didn't they?" she asked indifferently.

He looked at her in blank amazement. What on earth was the matter with Gracia any way? She hadn't been a bit like herself lately! She looked up, caught the expression in his eyes and was in his arms in an instant.

"What is it, Girl?" he asked solicitously.

"Oh, Larry," she said, tremulously.

It was the voice that had thrilled him the night of the storm, the voice the lure of which he never could resist.

"I don't care a bit about the book. I don't care about anything, dear, or anybody,—only just you and me, and—haven't you guessed, Larry?—there's to be another,—a dear little us, and oh, I'm so tired, Larry! Take me home!"

"Oh, Gracia mine!" he whispered as his arms closed tightly about her. Then, suddenly, "I forgot. I mustn't hurt you." After another tender silence, "Home? Well, I guess yes. And I have a surprise for you, Girl. We're really going home this time,—back to the old house where I was born and where I hope our children may have as happy a childhood as mine was."

Five hours later they were on the way. And how closely they drew together during the weeks that followed! Gracia was happy. He followed her with adoring eyes wherever she walked, and if the mind of each was weighed down a bit when they thought of the coming struggle each strove bravely to keep the other's thoughts away from it. During the long evenings they sat together in the library or in the big bay window up stairs and talked of unimportant things, of anything, everything—except the Thing itself.

"Do you remember those funny little people we saw in Turkestan, Larry?"

"And those atrocious idols in Calcutta?"

"Weren't they awful? But oh, Larry, wasn't Japan lovely when the cherry blossoms were in bloom?"

"Yes. And have you ever seen any dirt worth mentioning since you left China?"

Then, one night, while they talked—

"You won't go away, dear, will you? You'll stay with me, won't you, Larry?"

"Of course, Girl."

Followed the hours when the strong are weak and the weak are strong,—the hours of agony and bloody sweat. And Larry's laughter-lit eyes looked as though they could never smile again. Through the long hours of the night and far into the next day he sat helpless and held her white hands while little Gracia went far, far down into the Valley of the Shadow and almost—came not back again. When at last a lusty cry broke the silence of the room he was conscious of a sudden terrible exhaustion. Dimly he recalled a fierce ejaculation which sounded like "Thank God!" from the doctor. He thought the face of the pretty nurse was wet with tears. And Gracia suddenly became so quiet, so white. He rose, staggering like a drunken man, felt his way down the hall to his own room and threw himself face downward on the bed. How long he lay there he never knew. But it was quite dark when some one touched him on the shoulder. It was the nurse. Gracia wanted him.

When he looked in the glass he scarcely knew himself. He threw some cold water into his face, mechanically brushed his hair. Some way he hated to see Gracia. Surely she could never love him again! How could she?

A moment later he was looking down upon her where she lay, white and spent, but smiling radiantly and with their tiny son hugged against her breast. She put up her other arm and drew his face down against her own.

"Oh, Larry," she whispered. "Isn't he dear?"

"Dear!" he muttered. "I should think he was. Horribly, frightfully dear."

"Oh! Don't you love him, Larry?"

"Of course, Girl. But, little mother, he was so—so awfully expensive,—almost prohibitive!"

He felt a slender hand stroking his hair. Then,

"I—didn't—mind, Larry," she said bravely.

"But I did."

Another silence while she stroked his hair. Then spoke the comforter again.

"I—I've forgotten all about it already, dear."

"Thank God for that!" he answered quickly. "I wish I could."

Another year went by, and one day a letter came from the publishers which almost took Gracia's breath away. The cheque it contained was written in four figures, for Gracia's book was a success, an unqualified success. The shops were filled with it. The critics approved it. The people read and liked it. The publishers wrote now that they hoped she was already at work on something with which to follow it up.

She heard Larry's quick step on the stairs and slipped the letter out of sight. What would he think? And say? He had never seemed to approve of her writing. Of course, while they were travelling and since the boy came there had been no opportunity to go on with it. But now—

When he entered she sat by the window with the boy in her arms. He approached cautiously.

"Is the Young Emperor asleep?" he asked.

"Asleep!" she laughed. "Just wait till he gets sight of you!"

It was as she had said. When he came nearer the quiet figure in her arms showed signs of activity. He squealed ecstatically. In an instant he became one waving mass of legs and arms, hands and feet. Larry reached down and took him from his mother's arms.

"Stop that, you young rascal," he laughed. "You'll wear your mother to a frazzle. Keep still, can't you? Just look at your duds! Every one of 'em in a bunch at the back of your neck. You'd wiggle out of your skin if you could! Miss Rainey!" he called, as a white-uniformed nurse went past the door.

"Yes, Mr. Ainslie?"

"Take this Motion Picture over to the park for a couple of hours and let him work off steam!"

The Motion Picture protested audibly. So did the Motion Picture's mother. But Ainslie gave the boy a final hug and put him in the nurse's arms.

"Don't send him away, Larry!" his mother said.

"Look here, Girl,—I'm willing to share you with him as a general thing. But something's troubling you this afternoon. What is it?"

"Larry!" she expostulated. "You're positively uncanny sometimes. How did you know?"

"I have a sixth sense when it comes to you, Gracia," he laughed. "Now, out with it."

She handed him the letter, but she was totally unprepared for the result. He tossed it into the air and swept her into his arms.

"You darling, darling girl!" he said. "I'm so glad for you, dear, and so—so proud of my wife!"

She broke away from him in astonishment and simply stared at him.

"Why, Larry!" she cried. "Are you real? Do you mean that?"

"Of course. Why shouldn't I mean it? Did—did you think I wouldn't be glad, Gracia?"

"But—you always made such fun of me, Larry. And you ridiculed my work. And you said that—that—"

So engrossed was she in her own thoughts that she did not notice the change which came over his face as she spoke. Or perhaps it was because of the tears which just would come! But the next thing she knew he had brushed them away and was holding her face between his hands. When she could see distinctly he was looking straight into her eyes.

"Just getting acquainted with your husband?" he asked. "Girl, have you never understood? Do you think I did not know how great your ambitions were, dear? Why, I lived every one of your hopes and dreams with you. But I couldn't encourage you, dear heart. I had seen so many fail. And the saddest part of it all is that sometimes it is the very best work that never gets a hearing. Don't you see yet why I did it, Girl? Don't you? I knew that all your castles in the air were just as likely as not to take a cropper and come tumbling down about your ears and then I would just have to stand by and see you suffer, watch your disappointment. I know I was horrid, positively cruel at times. But, oh, Girl! I was just trying to keep the strong heart for you if—if you failed. You'll forgive me, won't you?"

"Oh, Larry,—it's so good to know that you cared!"

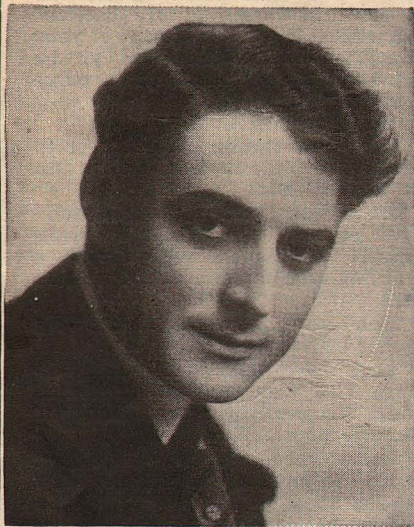
"I did care. And I care more now. Your book is good, Gracia. You can write better ones. I hope you will."

"Then,—you don't mind if I try again? Oh, Larry!"

He looked into the flushed, happy face and read there that the ambition which he had sometimes thought dead had been only sleeping.

"I wouldn't mind anything if you looked at me like that," he laughed,

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—“not even your climbing the Pyramid!”

She joined in his laugh. It was easy to do so now although there had been a day when it was not. A desire on her part to perform this customary feat of the tourist during their stay in Egypt and the stern veto put upon the project by Larry had furnished the one episode which approached the tragic during their year of travel.

“But to get back to the point, Girl,” he went on, “I see no reason in the world why you should not work out your ambitions unless—unless you mean to pursue them at the expense of yourself. I won't have that. There's a limit to what one pair of hands can accomplish. Most people seem never to grasp that fact. Well, I insist that you do grasp it, once and for all. I have a theory of my own about this thing we call Life, Gracia—a little private hobby that I wish you'd help me ride. Won't you?”

“Of course, dear. What is it?”

“Well, you see, Girl, every man has to work out his own problems in his own way. The solutions which other people find and which appear to be satisfactory seem never to suit one's own particular case. Life is easy, even beautiful, for you and me, Gracia. We have our home. We have each other. We have the boy and—more money than we need. But I can never forget all the other people who have to live, dear, in one way or another. Why not help them? Take—take Kim, for instance. Now, I know that you think I don't need Kim, don't you? Well, perhaps I don't. But, Girl, why should you fuss over my clothes and such things when he can do it just as well and when the money I pay him helps him to live? And there's Miss Rainey. You haven't said anything right out loud about her. But I know you think you could get along beautifully without her. Well, I think differently. The youngster is lusty and strong, thank God! But he's too exhausting for you, dear. You haven't the strength of Gibraltar. Be sensible about the boy. Now, Miss Rainey is trained to the care of babies. Let her take care of him part of the time, and meanwhile, let's help her to live! And Franz is a better cook than you are. And he has a wife and children. Let's help him to live.

And Katy keeps the dust off pretty well. She has to live. Let's help her! We'll begin right here at home, and after a while perhaps we can go outside and do more. Money and the management of large interests becomes an awful load sometimes, Gracia. It's hard to do the right thing always,—to keep the good opinion of your fellows. And I might just as well finish up while I'm about it, Girl. My ideas of marriage, of Life itself, have undergone some radical modifications during the last two years. I don't mind saying that I think the women want a good many things they have no business with. They would be better off without them. But they certainly have given us a few jolts that are mighty good for us. The idea that a man should marry a girl like—like you, for instance, and then set her to a deadly routine of household cares! Why should a man expect his wife's life to consist of getting three meals a day, sewing on his buttons and putting the babies to bed at night? I suppose that it—it can't be helped in some cases, where people haven't the means to do otherwise. But the man who has and who does it willingly and deliberately is a double-dyed ass. Life is individual. And it's just as individual for a woman as for a man.”

“I'm so glad you have made me see your side of it, Larry. I never thought of it just that way before. I'd like to help people to live, too. Sometimes,—it's awfully hard to—to just live, Larry. I know.”

“Well, forget it for yourself, dear. But never forget it about other people. And now, about this other book, —. What about it?”

“I'd like so much to try it again, Larry.”

“All right. Just as long as you stick to the rules and regulations. Four hours a day. No more. And Miss Rainey is to take care of the boy. And Kim's to look after me. That need not necessarily keep you from loving us, need it?” he finished teasingly. Then in a moment he went on. “You are not to worry about anything. You know the difference, don't you, Girl, between working under adversity and working where conditions are right? Well, you're to—to expand, you know. Just let yourself bloom. But the minute I find that you're overdoing, I'll de-

scend on you like—like the wolf on the fold,” he laughed.

“You can be an awful tyrant sometimes, Larry.”

“You just better believe it. Nero wasn't a circumstance to me.” Then, with a quick embrace, “I love my Girl,” he whispered passionately. “I can't stand for anything that hurts her. That's one respect in which we are not so different from the brute world after all. The male animal, whether man or beast, has a passion for protecting his mate. It's born in him. He can't get rid of it, and he doesn't want to.”

It was an April face that looked up at him a moment later.

“Larry,” she smiled through her tears, “I never saw a man so hopelessly captured as you are.”

“Right. The Prisoner of Chillon has nothing on me. But how about this book? I want a definite promise. Will you stick to the bargain?”

“I'll do my best.”

“You'd better. I'm the watch dog.”

A long silence fell. Presently she sighed.

“Now, where did that come from?” he asked.

“From the tips of my toes, I think,” she laughed.

“Happy?”

“The happiest woman in the world.”

Larry had been serious as long as he could. The tormentor rose to the surface and was on the job again.

“I'd like to know what you have to be happy about?” he teased.

“What haven't I? The dearest man in the world, the finest baby and a successful book. What more could a woman ask?”

“I see. And now abideth these three,” he quoted, —“man, baby and book. And the greatest of these is the b—”

A soft hand was clapped quickly over his mouth.

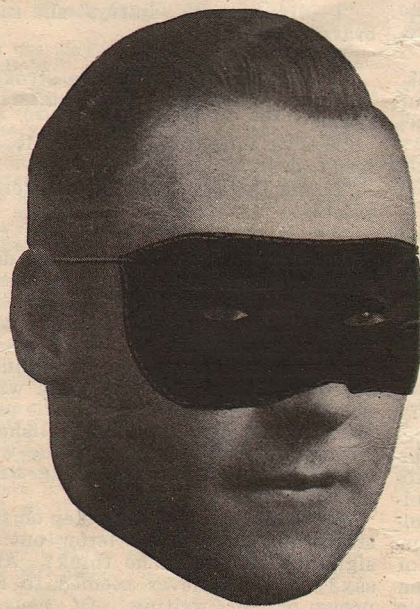
“Larry!” she cried. “Don't you dare say it!”

He kissed the little hand and moved it around behind his head.

“Suppose you finish it to suit yourself, then,” he suggested.

“The man!” she stated emphatically.

The Man in the Mask □ The Girl in the Mask



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OUR WEST-COAST LETTER

Dear Movie Pictorial Readers:—

All of the West Coast Studios are bee-hives of industry preparing for the heavy winter demand for films. Very few of the actors and actresses have time to talk. Some of them don't seem to have time to eat or sleep. But for all that, they are happy.

Very soon you will see little "Sunshine Mary" Anderson of the Western Vitaphone, in her first Western acted photoplay entitled "Cal Marvin's Wife." Her part is delightfully sympathetic, and she plays opposite William Duncan.

Rollin S. Sturgeon, who is managing director of the Western Vitaphone, is producing a one-reel play, and at the same time is preparing another big North-West feature to follow his "Chalice of Courage."

"The Wanderer," with William Duncan, Otto Lederer, Mary Ruby and Hazel Buckham, will be seen shortly. This is under the directorship of William Wolbert, the well-known actor-director who recently joined the Vitaphone forces. You saw him in "The Dumb Girl of Portici," the Universal feature that starred Mme. Pavlowa.

Webster Campbell realizes that he has to "look out." The reason is explained by a dainty box in which was a blue ribbon with a fish-hook end plus a lock of blond hair. Following it came a letter with this poetry:

"Who sent that box? What does it mean?

Is it from one I've never seen? Just match that curl to the maiden's hair,

'Tis a blue-eyed girl with delicate air—

So get out your line and get me in tow,

BUT remember I carry a Cupid's bow."

Charles Ray, the well-known juvenile lead at Inceville, has been starring in a large number of very strong features that have included "The Cup of Life," with Bessie Barriscale; "The Coward," in support of Frank Keenan; "The City of the Dead," with Louise Glaum, and "The Painted Soul," with Bessie Barriscale. Mr. Ray is now playing the juvenile lead with Billie Burke in her Scotch story which Mr. Ince is directing.

Clever Stella Razeto of the Universal, is surely enjoying her part in "The Upstart," by Harvey Gates. Her part is especially suited for her. In it she takes the part of a laundry girl. All told it is a very excellent picture, with lots of humor and pathos. Ed. J. LeSaint is the producer.

Sadie Lindblom of the Liberty Company, at San Mateo, switches occasionally by playing a comedy part with the Banner Company. She had occasion to show her excellent ability in playing the role of a movie-struck girl in a play called "In and Out." It was necessary for her to be shot at, and she was a little too close to the gun, and the wadding of the blank cartridge hit her and injured her painfully.

What is it about Bessie Barriscale that is most attractive? You may think that her eyes answer that query, or you may think it is her beautiful tinted hair. But everybody on the coast says it is Miss Barriscale's throat. Throats have ordinarily been of most value to prima donnas, but we are speaking about that outside of the throat, which is where Miss Barriscale shines.

Edna Maison, under the lead of Henry Otto, has been playing in a two-reel emotional drama entitled "Manna." Mr. Otto, by the way, has taken a very beautiful bungalow in Hollywood and has his mother with him.

Vivian Rich recently returned to her speaking stage art when the members of the American Film Company put on "The Great Divide," for a benefit at the Potter Theatre in Santa Barbara. Miss Rich played the part of the mercurial Polly Jordan. It is not often that this talented actress appears on the "boards," but it is always evident when she does appear that she has not forgotten her speaking stage art.

If anybody on the West Coast can register artistic expressions, then that person is certainly Edna Maison of Universal. She can portray contempt or loathing with those beautiful eyes of hers with sufficient strength to make the most deadly villain curl up and ask forgiveness.

Little Neva Gerber of the "Beauty" brand films has been having a hard time of it. She just finished a recent photoplay when she collapsed completely, and her mother took her to Los Angeles away from her work. Neva, however, has been recovering speedily and enjoying life with Los Angeles friends.

Anna Little has been playing a part entirely to her liking—that of a Western girl in "Playing for High Stakes." Miss Little has simply been deluged with letters and post cards proving that the public is quite in love with her. Most of them say that they are glad that she is back on the Mutual programme.

Helen Rosson recently made a round trip from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles to get her mother to fill out the family party—Dick and Queenie being occupants of the bungalow. Helen's rise has been rapid and her popularity is gaining.

In "The Buzzard's Shadow," beautiful May Allison has a part that shows not only her art but her many charms. She is seen in simple dresses that especially suit her personality. Having purchased a horse so she can indulge in daily rides, and also having learned to swim, Miss Allison is keeping in the finest possible condition.

William D. Taylor recently had the principals of the "Diamond from the Sky," at San Diego, where he directed some aviation scenes. The government has been so busy educating aviators, there are few independent pilots left and it was not easy to secure one for this special reel.

It will never do for the two little boys of Yard Master Brown of the Santa Fe Railroad at Los Angeles to watch film fights. They observed the fight between Leo Maloney and William Brunton in one of J. P. McGowan's big railroad stories, and it impressed them so that they fell to the manly art themselves, but were pried apart by diligent bystanders.

Recently Grace Cunard received a pretty white feather in a letter which read, "In memory of —." What does that remind you of? It reminded Miss Cunard of her role of Feather in "The Princess of Patches," in which she played at the age of thirteen. It came from a member of the same company, and Miss Cunard has had the programme, with the feather stuck in one corner, properly framed.

Twice the report of Mabel Normand's death was given out to the anxious Western colonies, but fortunately her illness has not proved fatal, although she has been very sick.

Carlyle Blackwell has named his new home "Blackwell Lodge," and since his return from his vacation has been extremely busy. One of his recent productions is "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo."

Richard Stanton is playing the lead in directing "Does It End Right?" He has with him Myrtle Gonzales, who gave such an excellent performance in "The Chalice of Courage."

Myrtle Stedman was recently amused by reading that she had joined another company, although she had really heard nothing about it, and is under contract with Bosworth, Inc., playing in Pallas films.

Charles Clary, Orrin Johnson, Paul Gilmore, and several other big artists, put in considerable time at Chatsworth, California, where the company filmed many scenes for "The Penitentes," a Triangle feature. Big things are expected of "The Penitentes."

"Live and Let Live," promises to be one of the best three-reelers in a long while, having Cleo Madison, Tom Chatterton and Douglas Gerard.

Corene Grant of Balboa, who is giving such an excellent account of herself, first played with Olga Nethersole in "Sappho," in Los Angeles seven years ago, as the result of a friend's dare. Three years later she became the first leading woman of the Pathe studio in Glendale. After considerable dissatisfaction, she went on a search for her rightful place and turned to the occult and metaphysics generally. When she was about ready to give up, her opportunity came with Balboa where she has been ever since.

In Anna Little's bungalow at Santa Barbara there hangs a picture of a very pretty dark girl in a boy's Arcadian costume with high boots. This is Anna Little herself when she first joined the Ferris Hartman Company to play Prince Eagle in "Woodland." She also has another one as a little Japanese girl when she acted in "The Major of Tokio." This was about the time that Mr. Hartman persuaded her to change her name from Mary Brooks to Anna Little.

Have you ever heard of Vivian Rich's rabbit? He isn't a rabbit at all, but an extremely curly and very white dog, and besides having splendid manners, he is also a fine watchman. Her "rabbit" is very active and sometimes annoying, but to make friends with him is one of the surest ways of getting a smile from Miss Rich.

Grace Cunard, who has invariably had a pet dog or cat around her dressing room, now has two chattering parakeets. Francis Ford, who has been playing opposite her in "The Broken Coin," says that the parakeets make Miss Cunard's quarters very homelike and natural.

Bessie Barriscale has recently signed a long term contract with Thomas H. Ince that precludes her accepting any of the numerous offers that have been made for her return to the speaking stage. Consequently Miss Barriscale will be seen in Triangle productions for a long time to come.

Another one of the Inceville players to sign up for a long period is Charles Ray, recognized as one of the best juvenile leads in the business.

Arthur Shirley, who has been associated with the Kalem and more recently the Universal, has resigned to accept the lead in the big spectacular photoplay to be produced by Thomas Dixon.

William D. Taylor has settled down to the work of directing for Bosworth, Inc., and will produce Pallas pictures. After his struggles with the "Diamond from the Sky," Mr. Taylor took mud baths and a long rest. He is once more "full of pep."

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Bess Powers

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PHOTOPLAYWRIGHTS' ASSN. OF AMERICA.

By G. E. Still, Bus. Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of October, 1915.

[SEAL] CLARA A. SCHEINER, of Chicago, Ill. (My commission expires February 26, 1919.)

Margery Moore's

BEAUTY CORNER

THE BEAUTY TEMPLE, WITHOUT A FIRM FOUNDATION, IS NAUGHT BUT A LEANING TOWER

HEAL Your Heels

In this day of showy shoes, when the abbreviated skirt tends to display the neatness or shabbiness of milady's footwear, would it not be well to pay careful attention to the condition of your heels?

Glance at the feet of the many you pass on the boulevards, where of all places are to be found the best dressed, and you will be surprised—nay, shocked—to note that the proportion of "good looking" heels is so very, very small. Girls whose smart appearance in every other appointment of costume, mark them as well-groomed, are lax regarding their heels. The shoes may be very up-to-date in design, style and fit, and still the very aim and purpose of their appearance be lost sight of, due to a run-over state.

Not only does a crooked heel prevent graceful carriage, but it is positively harmful to the health. It jogs the spine and causes pressure upon the nerve and blood supply, not only to the feet, but to those sympathetic nerves reaching to different parts of the system.

Comfort in footwear means nerves at ease and freedom from wrinkles, for what is more annoyingly painful than troublesome feet? But comfort does not mean slackness in keeping shoes in shipshape condition. How can one be comfortable with one side of the heel, or shoes out of gear? And the satisfaction of knowing your shoes, in addition to the general well-groomed appearance, carry out the trim, neat tone, from top to toe, which attests your "smart" get-up.

Foot-ease means all-at-ease, and causes a sense of well-being to pervade your mind and body.

There are remedies such as rubber heels, small heel plates and contrivances to be worn inside the shoe, all of which have merit, and are of considerable assistance in correcting this evil. Don't, I beg of you, don't allow yourself to become slouchy in this regard. Take heed to this important detail, and thus remove the stigma of carelessness in the little things that count so very much. I am convinced that your observance of this prevalence of run-down-at-the-heel footwear for a single day, will incite you to corrective measures, and preventive, against this laxity.

Therefore, if your heels are ill, heal them, which requires but small doses of attention, frequently given.

Margery Moore

Answers to Correspondents

Lizette.

The brittle condition of your nails is due presumably to an acid condition in the system, and care in what you eat will do more to correct it than almost anything you might apply locally. The use, however, of castor oil applied to the nails nightly, after soaking the hands in hot, soapy water for a few minutes, will prove helpful. This is good primarily for the nails alone, but for softening and whitening the hands, it is well to use whatever lotion agrees with your skin. In my own case I have found the one that brings good results, and I'll share the secret with you, if you will send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope. A good thing is better when "passed along."

A. N. L.

A good way to banish the fleshy condition of which you complain, is to soak a towel in hot water into which a generous portion of Epsom Salts have been dissolved. Wring the towel out of the hot water, and apply as hot as can be borne, covering with a dry towel. Do this again when the towel has become cold, and repeat several times, retiring with a final hot towel application. You will find this treatment of almost visible help, and its use is recommended by people who know from experience its efficiency. Do not, under any circumstances, trifle with so-called reducing potions, as you run the risk of ruining your digestion, the while you waste your good money, and still retain the detested, surplus flesh.

Jane.

Indeed, you are in no wise an old-fashioned girl (except as your name implies, of the right sort) because you indulge in the little vanities which tend to heighten attractiveness. But, be careful to use a wholesome, pure toilet powder, lest you injure the skin. I am a firm believer that a dainty, pure powder lends a finishing touch to the toilet, and routs a shiny nose. You are so young, you surely ought not to get within ten miles of the rouge-pot. Your stamped, self-addressed envelope to Margery Moore will bring you a personal letter of advice as to the preservation of your youthful complexion.

Mrs. F. M.

Yes, Margery Moore can understand the little pang you experienced when

If you want advice on beauty topics, write to Margery Moore. She will be glad to answer all questions. If a personal answer is desired, stamped and self-addressed envelope should be enclosed. Address communications to Margery Moore, Care Movie Pictorial, Chicago, Ill.

you discovered the first gray hairs, for no woman enjoys the thought that youth gets ready to fly out of the window when gray hairs come in at the door, but do not give such thoughts standing room. Ofttimes the supposedly gray hairs are only dead hairs, and indicate a lack of nourishment in the scalp. Be faithful in the use of the hairbrush, scalp massage and frequent, regular shampoos. Do not permit the use of an artificial drier on the hair, but choose rather the hand process, as the increased supply of blood to the roots of the hair tends to a luxuriant growth of tresses. Foods containing iron are said to help preserve the color of the locks, and among them are mentioned the use of spinach and an edible bulb of pungent taste and odor; grape juice is also recommended.

Dick.

Certainly, you are not barred from this colyum—your sister to the contrary notwithstanding. I don't blame you for preferring the sister's powder to the use of talcum powder, for what is good for the goose is good for the gander, and your skin probably appreciates the smoother, daintier cosmetic, so continue to soothe your beshaven countenance with its use, or change the high polish of your olfactory to a dull finish, with poudre de riz. Remember, the latch key is always out for you.

X. Y.

You almost compel me to say "Ouch" with you, for I have known the agony of a mighty acher, and a little groan. But despair not, for while you are able to even toddle along you can visit the chiropodist, and the relief afforded by such an one's services will change sorrow to rejoicing. For immediate relief, when unable to reach the haven of the chiropodist's chair, use a small roll of cotton, placed back of the little toe (providing the offender is on that member) in such a way as to relieve the pressure of the shoe, and you will be able to "live again." 'Tis said a piece of lemon nightly applied to the corn will cause it to depart, especially when its departure is aided with a hot foot bath, plus a generous supply of baking soda followed with a thorough massage with witch hazel.

THE SPLIT REEL

Four Bits—One Buck—Two Bucks

Sure, the films are elevated,
They keep goin' up and up—
Now each Triangle admittance
Pays the tax on Fat's bull pup!

"Draw One!"

Dear Editor:

How should I ask for a ticket to Selig's coming Red Seal production, "Temperance Town?"

Fame Hits Just One Cylinder

Dear Lillie da Walk, in New Jersey state,

Dey nama da babies for you;
It's Lillie de Walk, Jenkins, Jones,
Brown or Smith,
Not Jessie or Ella or Prue.
Dey maka da fad 'cause dey lika you good,

Um! Lillie, you beega da heet—
And now I am getta da greata perplex,
And in da brown study I seet—
Las' night cama baby to Rosa and me,
And now for a name we must beed,
My Rosa she can't mak eet Lilla da Walk,
For eet ain't data kind of a keed!

Bang! Bang! Bang! Zounds!

Hist, my visage dark and baleful
Ne'er is lightened by a smile—
I am sombre, I am fearsome, I am busy as a bee—
I'm the Fillum Undertaker and I plant 'em by the mile—
For how could vast screen carnage thrive by wholesale but for me?

Why Didn't They Have Movies When—

Rome burned?
Noah collected his sea-going zoo?
Solomon built his temple?
Chicago burned?
Adam and Eve met in the Garden?
Gee, oh gee! What would Pathe have done—and the screen stars—and Dave W. Griffith? Gee!

Raggin' the Films

There was Little Eva dyin'—
Pianner bargin' rag—
Hero-ine she was a-cryin'—
Pianner clargin' rag!
Death-bed scene, good-bye dear mother,
Pianner thumpin' rag—
The bride was marchin' with dear brother—
Pianner bumpin' rag!
No matter what the scene we're viewin',
Pianner's playin' rag—
Until we're nearly up and suin'
Pianner slayin' rag!

Very Good, Hank

An Illinois farm boy says he's a champeen cornhusker and wants to get his act in the fillums. All right, Hank, you have our permission—provided you'll find some red ears when some of the sweet ones are in the scene. Doggone, Hank!

The Voiceless Art

Their voices? Pshaw! I know 'em well,
My mental ears have heard their tones,
Besides, when held beneath their spell
And while the organ softly drones,
I'm living in a voiceless world—
A magic world where talk would jar—
I love them for their dreamland art—
And voiceless—silent—better, far!

Our Nut Cracker

We would crack:
The syncopatin' nut who keeps time with hands, feet and voice—
The syllabary who pronounces all titles for the illiterate audience;
The—
Oh, well! You know 'em all!

Yes, Bertha Was a Rising Son

Dear Ed: Is Bertha Nation related to the late Carrie Nation?—Curious.

As Mine Sweepers

Dear Ed: Is there any dare-devilish job the movie stars haven't held down? If so, then what?

Oh, Say—Mary Pickford!

Dear Editor: I have a darling baby girl; that is, me'n my wife have. What unusual name can we give her?

From the Filmless World

Pray, who is this starlike lady?
Everywhere I hear her name—
Maybe she's a reg'lar angel,
But I hate her just the same!
She brings smiles and sighs to others,
And yet hot tears are all I find—
She's the darling of the millions—
Not to me—'cause I am blind.

In Memoriam

'Twas a sad blow to the movies.
Yet mortal paths are short and uncertain.
The king of the jitneys is dead.
His likeness was found on the nickels that make the movie world go 'round.
His name was Black Diamond.
He was a New York Buffalo—the sculptor's nickel model.
Adios!

Yes, Honest, He Did It!

The giant, Science, stretched and yawned,
And spoke—the telephone was born,
And clenched his fists and sadly growled,
The dreadnaught greeted us next moon;
He waved a hand up toward the sky,
The aeroplane arrived—he laughed;
His eyes then opened wide—he saw
The world was cinematographed.

A London Movie Joke

"What kinda car would Ford Sterling buy, if he bought one?"
"Well, it wouldn't be that kind—it couldn't, and be Sterling."

If Sweetheart Doesn't Object

Dear Ed: I am a young man easily embarrassed. I want to get over it. Suggest a good, quick way.
Take your best girl to see Carmen.

And Yet, You'd Stick a Century Longer

We lived in just the right old time—
The later ones will be distraught,
Because, with this here blamed advance,
They'll get to making films of thought,
The liars—ugh! They'll be shown up,
Pork barrel politics'll go—
And every sinner, small and great,
Will be a holy movie show!

Try Cannonade

These war dramas will drive me to drink, I fear. If they do, what shall I drink?
W. J. B.



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